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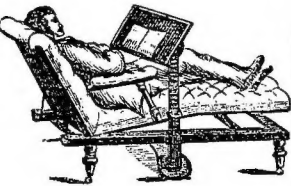
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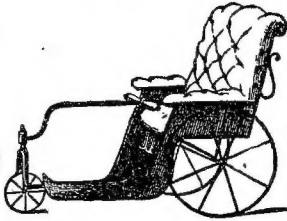


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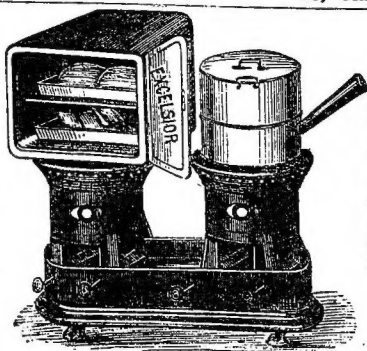
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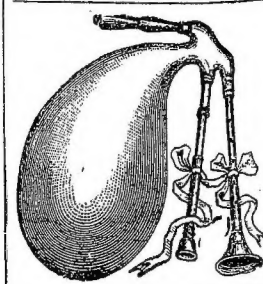
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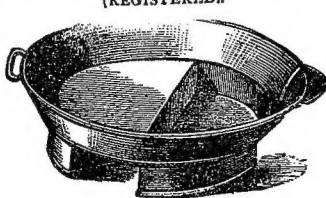
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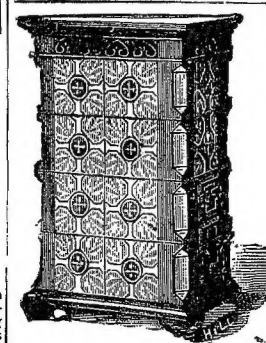
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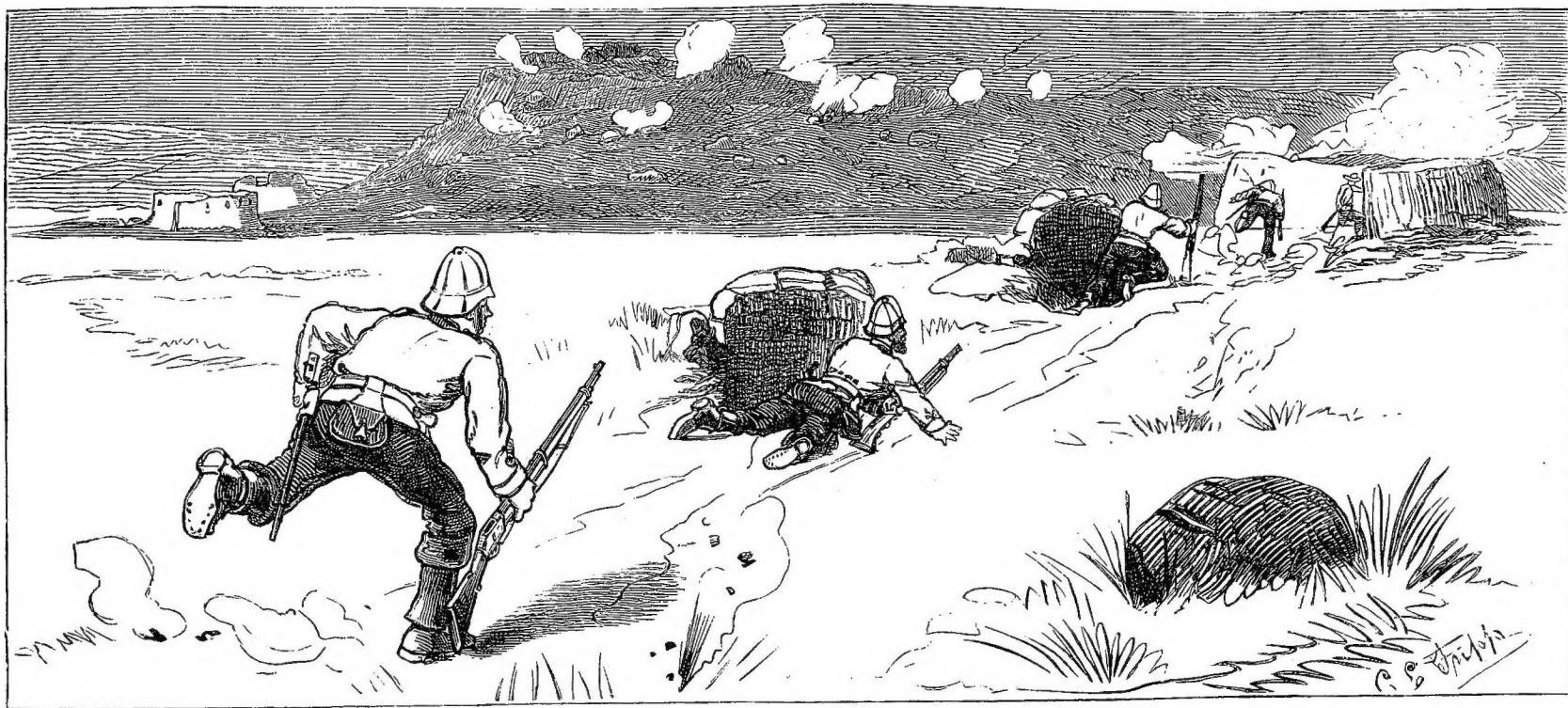
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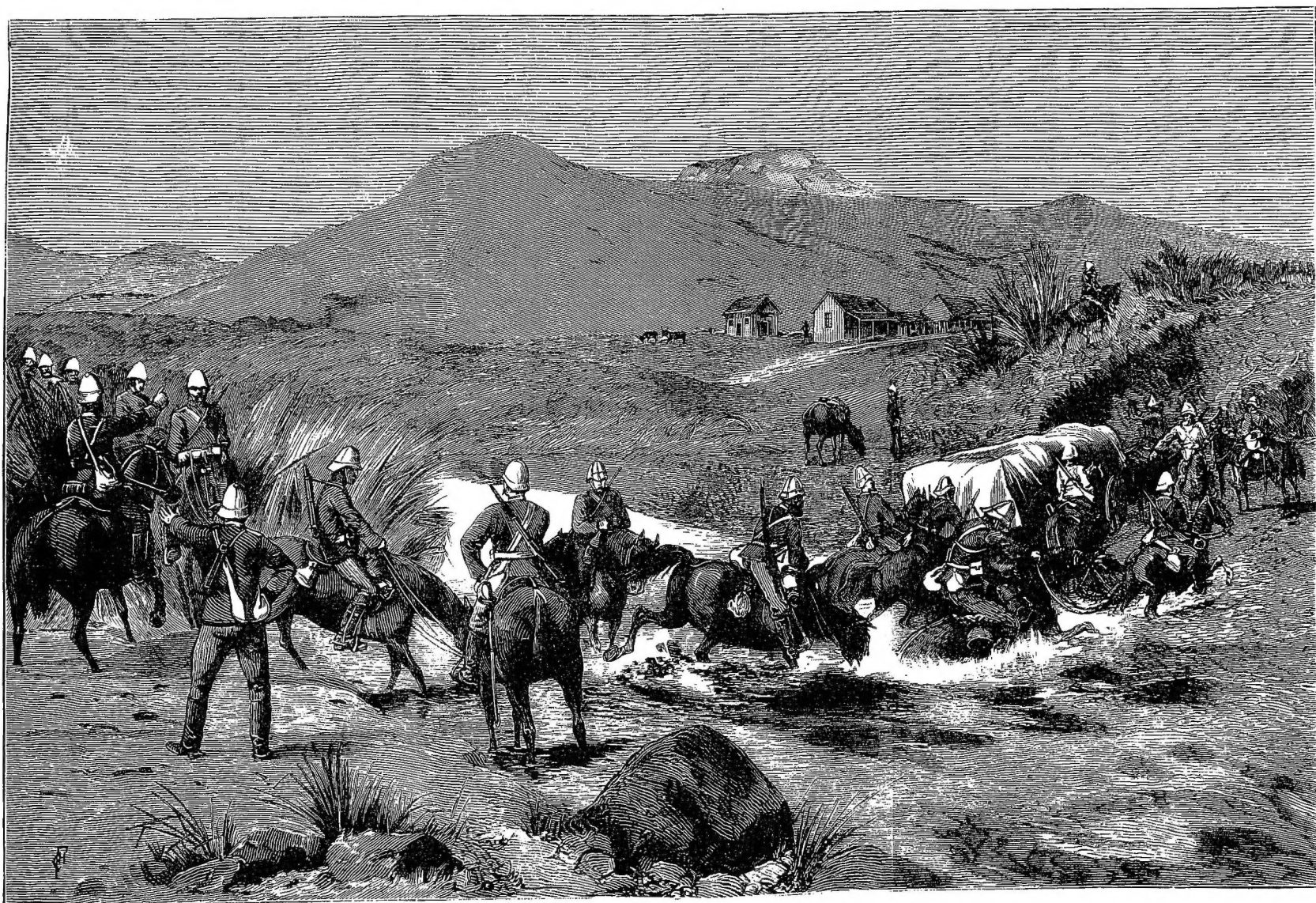
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Topics of the Week

THE GOVERNMENT AND IRELAND.—The principal gift bestowed upon the nation by the victorious electors of 1880 was a Whig-Radical Cabinet under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone. It has not proved such a boon as sanguine people anticipated. Concerning every burning question, be it Transvaal, Candahar, Bradlaugh, or Ireland, the Government has shown feebleness and indecision. The reason is of course obvious. As the poet Cowper says: "Courtier and patriot cannot mix their heterogeneous politics without an effervescence." And the Cabinet politics are very much "mixed." Three such respectable old-fashioned Whigs as Lords Granville, Hartington, and Selborne can have few points of genuine sympathy with the young Gambetta of Birmingham. Hence a see-saw policy. Sometimes the Quaker is up, sometimes he is down. "Force is no remedy" is proclaimed one day; the next there are police circulars and threats of buckshot. This indecisive policy is ill-suited to the Irish peasantry. They can understand unyielding severity or open-handed conciliation, but they cannot understand a behaviour which mingles caresses with boxes on the ears. This fatal policy of shilly-shally has far more to do with the present anarchical state of Ireland than the rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, on which Mr. Chamberlain fastens as a scapegoat for the present troubles. Nor can we agree with Mr. Chamberlain that the condition of affairs in Ireland is less alarming than in 1831. At the earlier date there were undoubtedly more murders and other brutal outrages, but there was not the same widespread resistance to the law. Egged on by agitators, the tenant-farmers of 1881 are contending for a valuable prize, that is, the total abolition, or at least a considerable reduction, of their stipulated rental; and the law can only be enforced on behalf of the landlords by military expeditions on almost as imposing a scale as those with which the French attacked the mysterious Kroumirs. Even Mr. Chamberlain, with his rose-tinted spectacles, would think matters alarming if the campaign were transferred to this side of St. George's Channel. And why should it not be? The payment of rent, whether for farm or dwelling-house, is nowhere a popular process, and we have it on the authority of a Roman Catholic Archbishop that there is something manly and glorious in resisting such payments. Why should not Englishmen as well as Irishmen make themselves manly and glorious, and instead of allowing rents (we speak here chiefly of house-property) to become year by year heavier and heavier, why should they not insist on the estimate of some defunct surveyor, some Griffith of a former day, being accepted as the present legal value of the premises?

POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE GOVERNMENT.—Seldom in the history of this country has a Government found itself involved in greater difficulties than those which perplex the present Ministry. That the Opposition would be dissatisfied, was of course to be expected; but Mr. Gladstone could hardly have anticipated that he would so soon give offence to every section of his own followers. For it is not too much to say that all classes of Liberals are to some extent secretly alienated from him and his colleagues. What the Whigs think of his Irish policy has been clearly enough indicated by the resignation of the Duke of Argyll. They admit that something must be done for Ireland; but they do not like a Land Bill which, if it were taken as a precedent for legislation in England, would be followed by so many inconvenient consequences. The Radicals, on the other hand, have never cordially sanctioned the policy of Coercion; and many of them are of opinion that the Land Bill is but a feeble attempt to settle a great question. They are angry with the Government, too, for having mismanaged the Bradlaugh affair; and, although they approve of the peace with the Boers, they cannot see why there should ever have been war in the Transvaal. As yet, both Radicals and Whigs are too loyal to their chief to give much public utterance to their real sentiments; but these sentiments are perfectly well known, and at almost any moment circumstances may compel each section of the Liberal party to act in accordance with its convictions. The secret of the present situation must be sought for in the events of the last General Election. The Liberals were so determined to turn out Lord Beaconsfield that they forgot to inquire whether there were any principles on which they themselves were united. They now find to their dismay that union on a negative issue may easily lead to a vast amount of positive discord.

THE TRANSVAAL AND ZULULAND.—Special correspondents are too often expected, both by newspaper proprietors and readers, to assimilate information as rapidly as the celebrated Count Smorltork; and to know all about the politics and resources of a country never visited by them till now, before they have got off the steamboat pier. It is, therefore, refreshing to come across a South African correspondent of *The Times* who modestly reverses the line, "Tis mine to speak and yours to hear;" who, as a Johnny Newcome, refrains from expressing his own opinions, and in place thereof diligently "interviews" men of experience and authority. In this manner, from the utterances, on the one hand, of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and, on the other, of a Natal official, whose views are much more Gladstonian than those

of Sir Theophilus, we gain a valuable insight into the politics of that unquiet region. When the Transvaal was annexed, only one voice in Parliament (that of Mr. Courtney) was raised against the transaction. Now, we all admit that through over-sanguineness and defective information an imprudent deed was done. The leading Boers, who appeared to be the spokesmen, were not really the spokesmen of their countrymen. Then the slow-moving Boers gradually perceived that the modified form of slavery euphemistically styled "apprenticeship" must under the British rule speedily disappear, and their discontent was fanned into a flame when they were informed by Lord Kimberley that Mr. Gladstone's stump-oratory in Midlothian was "only pretty Fanny's way," and that the Queen's sovereignty must be maintained. The friends of the poor fellows who fell at Bronker's Spruit, Laing's Nek, and elsewhere, may still more justly lament Mr. Gladstone's facile rhetoric, especially as they died in vain, for the Cabinet, bellicose in the Queen's Speech, were cowed by the eloquence of the Boers' rifles. Turning in conclusion to the native side of the question—a very important matter, inasmuch as the Blacks in the Transvaal are twenty times as numerous as the Whites—it is not unlikely that Englishmen may see cause to regret the Zulu War, which, by the way, was in these columns persistently denounced. Between two nations of pastoralists, always coveting fresh "feed" for their cattle, there are sure to be squabbles; Cetewayo, with his army, would have extorted respectful treatment from the Boers, whereas now they will be sorely tempted, as John Dunn asserts, to invade a weak and divided nationality. There are more unlikely things in the future than that our redcoats should be engaged either in protecting Boers from Zulus or Zulus from Boers.

THE CZAR.—There is probably no man in Europe whose position at the present moment is so unenviable as that of the Czar. He lives in complete retirement, and no one is permitted to enter the palace in which he resides without undergoing a strict examination. Arrests are made daily, and even the Guards, on whom hitherto he has chiefly relied, are no longer supposed to be beyond suspicion. The whole system of which the Czar is the head is felt to be unsound, and the most elaborate precautions are taken without any conviction that they will be successful. It is uncertain whether an irrevocable decision has been adopted as to the policy which is to be pursued in these circumstances. There is reason to believe that the natural impulse of the Czar, had he succeeded to the Crown in the ordinary way, would have been to offer important concessions to the discontented classes; but he seems to have been almost paralysed by the frightful circumstances of his father's death. He cannot, apparently, make up his mind whether to advance, to recede, or to stand still; and the chances, therefore, are that the direction of affairs will escape from his control, and pass into the hands of permanent officials, whose prejudices are, of course, all in favour of "vigour and rigour." If this anticipation is verified, it is to be feared that Russia has as dark experiences before her as those from which she has just emerged. Whether a policy of conciliation would suffice to avert revolution no one can say; but it might do so; and Russian Liberals have a right to demand that the experiment shall at least be tried. The existing system of land tenure is mischievous and illogical; and it is, perhaps, too hastily assumed that representative institutions are altogether unsuited to the wants of the Russian people.

CO-OPERATION.—For some time past the subjects discussed in the House of Commons have been so often either dreary or trivial that it is quite a pleasure to read Lord Derby's vigorous and humorous speech on co-operation. He is truly, as Lord Houghton happily said, "a king of common-sense." His arguments in favour of co-operation are powerfully put and hard to be withstood, and that the doctrine is spreading widely is proved by the fact that it has been practically accepted by about a twentieth part of the population; a very satisfactory rate of progress for an existence of twenty years. But we should have been glad if Lord Derby had said something concerning what seems to us the chief obstacle in the path of complete co-operative success; namely, the difficulty of obtaining efficient superintendence. Self-interest secures this in ordinary private enterprise; but when the chiefs of an industrial concern are disposing of capital only a small portion of which belongs to themselves, inefficiency, and sometimes dishonesty, is apt to creep in. The difficulty notoriously applies to all joint-stock enterprises, whether strictly co-operative or not, and hence a formidable number of such enterprises bring disaster to their shareholders. But as, owing to the introduction of costly machinery, and the growth of wealth and population, small businesses are becoming less and less able to compete with big ones, the joint-stock system of raising capital is getting more and more into vogue. Such being the case, it is well that the shareholders in these enterprises should not only be the makers but also the consumers of that which they produce. Nor will the superintendence difficulty be aggravated by the change. It also appears to us that Lord Derby underrated the probability of the eventual intervention of the State in these enterprises. Success will naturally lead to extension and amalgamation, till at last an undertaking will assume such vast proportions that it will almost imperceptibly become a Department of the National Government. A century hence the State may be found administering other industrial enterprises as well as post-offices and telegraphs.

LIBERAL FOREIGN POLICY.—In his speech at Birmingham the other day Mr. Chamberlain claimed for the Government a great deal of credit on the ground of their foreign policy. And it must be admitted that in regard to Montenegro and Greece they have achieved a little success. The demands of both would probably have been conceded sooner or later, even if the Conservatives had remained in power; but the result has been attained more quickly by the Liberals than it could have been by their predecessors. After all, however, Mr. Gladstone has given effect to but a small part of the foreign policy which he used to expound in Midlothian. Then it was not only Greece and Montenegro which were to obtain their rights; the whole of South-Eastern Europe was to be transformed by the triumph of the sacred principle of nationalities. This doctrine is now seldom even mentioned; for the Liberal Government quickly found that a serious attempt to act upon it would inevitably lead to a general European war. And what is the position held by England in Europe, compared with that which she held in Lord Beaconsfield's time? Mr. Chamberlain says that she was never more respected; but he could hardly have said that she never had more friends. Her proceedings have been watched by the Central European Powers with a mixture of jealousy and alarm; and she has alienated these States without conciliating France. England, in short, stands alone in Europe, unless the fitful good-will of Italy and Russia is to count for something. We might surely have expected rather better results than these from a foreign policy which occupied the attention of the whole world when Mr. Gladstone rose to power.

MODERN HOLIDAY-MAKING.—The weather was not too kind this Whitsuntide, for after a prolonged period of warmth and drought it changed to rain and cold. Farmers and gardeners were pleased, but holiday-makers were naturally aggrieved. Still, in spite of the weather, the holiday-making has been on a vast and increasing scale. Before the birth of the steam locomotive, whose inventor's centenary we this week celebrate, the world understood, in some respects perhaps better than now, how to make holiday. But the peculiarity of a modern public holiday is that it involves an amount of moving to and fro which to our forefathers would have appeared incredible, and would have been impossible. If, on a Bank Holiday, we could soar, gifted with telescopic eyesight, some fifty miles above this "tight little island," we should see trains filled with excursionists darting about in every direction. London is full of country cousins, London cousins are scattered over the country; Lancashire invades North Wales; Glasgow makes a Highland raid, or goes "doon the water;" thousands cross the Channel for a brief Continental trip; and this year Belgians and Frenchmen returned the compliment, enjoying not only the delights of the sea-passage, but the additional novelty of a wet Sunday in London. For all this two men are in a great measure responsible, namely, George Stephenson and Sir John Lubbock. In this connection, the latter deserves to be mentioned side by side with the great discoverer of the locomotive, for chiefly to his energy and perseverance was the simple Act of Parliament passed by which certain days, on which formerly many persons could only be idle surreptitiously as it were, were converted into genuine national holidays.

BULGARIA, RUSSIA, AND ENGLAND.—In the days when the fate of Bulgaria excited a strong public interest we used to be told that a Liberal Government would be opposed to the predominance of Russia in that country. There is now an excellent opportunity for proving the sincerity of these professions; for there can be no doubt that the *coup d'état* of the Prince of Bulgaria is wholly due to Russian influence. That the Constitution was not working in a perfect manner is probable enough; no sensible man could have supposed that free institutions would quickly take root in so unprepared a soil. But time and patience would enable the Prince and the national representatives to overcome all the difficulties that have arisen, without any essential change in the Constitution. He demands dictatorial powers merely because the existence of an independent Parliament in the new State is inconvenient to the St. Petersburg Government. It is almost entirely by means of Russians that he is attempting to establish his system of petty despotism. Nearly all the commissioned officers in Sofia are Russians, and they are said to be invested with "very extreme power;" the Commissioners, whose recall is demanded by the Bulgarian Liberals, are principally Russians; and the most important post in the Government, that of the Minister of the Interior, is held by a Russian general. The Bulgarians will surely have right to express surprise if Mr. Gladstone, who was so very anxious to secure their independence of the Porte, does not make some attempt to deliver them from the influence of a far more formidable Power.

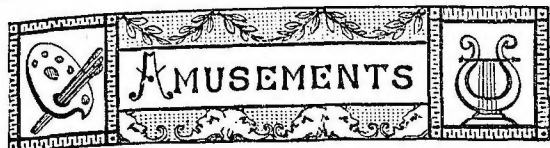
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ROYAL PANORAMA GALLERIES, Leicester Square. LE SALON A LONDRES. EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by MM. Baudry, Bonnat, Bonvin, J. Boulanger, J. Breton, Carolus-Duran, De Knyff, Gérôme, Hebert, Henner, Jalabert, Jules Leleuvre, Emile Levy, Luminais, Madrazo, Meissonier, Robert Fleury, Rousseau, Tissot, Vollon, &c. SCULPTURE by D'Epina, Carrier-Belleuse, Grévin, &c. NOW OPEN, from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. Admission ONE SHILLING. Season Ticket, Five Shillings.

WESTMINSTER PANORAMA. YORK STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, S.W. (Opposite St. James's Park Station, and adjoining Royal Aquarium. THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. By C. CASTELLANI. Covering over 20,000 Square Feet of Canvas. The Largest Panorama in England. NOW OPEN. Admission, 1s.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN. Daily 9 to 7. Admission, One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

ROSA BONHEUR'S celebrated PICTURES, ON THE ALERT, and A FORAGING PARTY, which gained for the artist the Cross of the Order of Leopold of Belgium at the Antwerp Academy, 1879. Also, the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur, including the well-known "Horse Fair," now on Exhibition at L. H. LEFEVRE'S GALLERY, 1A, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling. Ten to Five.

MR. MARTIN COLNAGHI (GUARDI GALLERY), 11, HAYMARKET, begs to inform the Lovers of Art that his FIFTH SUMMER EXHIBITION contains Works by the Great Colourist, Hermann Philips, others by Domeny and Charlemon, and by the young Spanish Painter, José Benlliure. Open daily from ten till dusk.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from 9 to 7. Admission 1s. Catalogue, 6d. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION" with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS—"CAVE CANEM," Briton Riviere, A.R.A. This wonderful humorous Engraving on View. "Artist's Proofs only." "SYMPATHY," Briton Riviere, A.R.A. This beautiful Picture, engraved by F. Stackpole, Esq. Artist's Proofs on View. "Nearly all gone." The Press says it is one of Briton Riviere's most brilliant achievements. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

DECORATIVE ART EXHIBITION at the New Galleries, 103, NEW BOND STREET. Admission 1s. Season Tickets, 5s.

LA SOCIÉTÉ DES AQUARELLISTES FRANÇAIS. Now on View, an EXHIBITION of WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS by the members of the above Society at GOUPIL and CO.'S GALLERIES, 25, Bedford St., Covent Garden. Admission, 1s. An illustrated Catalogue has been published.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon; from London Bridge 10.35 a.m., calling at Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; also from Victoria on Sundays 10.45 a.m., and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train. EVERY WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Day Return Tickets to Brighton, including admission to the Aquarium, are issued from Victoria, London Bridge, and nearly all Stations.

FAMILY and TOURIST TICKETS are now issued, available for one month, from London Bridge, Victoria, &c., to Portsmouth (for Southsea, Ryde, Cowes, Newport, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (for Bonchurch and Freshwater), and Hayling Island.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE. VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN. Cheap Express Service every Week night, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fare—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail new swift Steamer Columbia or the Vega from Bridge Wharf, Glasgow, daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m., conveying Passengers for Oban, North and West Highlands. Official Guide Book, 2d.; Illustrated Copies, 6d. and 1s. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free, at Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers, 214, Piccadilly, London, or by post, free, from the Owner, DAVID MACBRAYNE, No. 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

THE GRAPHIC GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON.

TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY, ILLUSTRATED BY THE FOLLOWING ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS—

P. H. CALDERON, R.A.
FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.
ARTHUR HOPKINS.
SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
G. D. LESLIE, R.A.
EDWIN LONG, A.R.A.
JULES GOUPIL
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
PAUL BAUDRY
(Commander of the Legion of Honour,
Member of the Institut).
GUSTAVE JACQUET
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).

P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.
C. E. PERUGINI.
MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.
GEORGE A. STOREY, A.R.A.
L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
J. J. TISSOT.
HENRI LÉVY
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
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(Officer of the Legion of Honour).

ALSO,

"DYING TO SAVE THE QUEEN'S COLOURS,"
THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANTS MELVILLE AND COGHILL, 24TH REGT.
AN EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF INSANDLVHANA,
Painted by Mr. C. E. FRIPP, Special Artist to "The Graphic" during the whole of the Zulu Campaign.

There is also Exhibited a choice selection of ORIGINAL WATER-COLOUR and BLACK and WHITE DRAWINGS, the Engravings from which have from time to time appeared in "THE GRAPHIC."

MILLAIS'

"LITTLE MRS. GAMP,"

a companion to the celebrated "CHERRY RIPE," has been added.

THE GALLERY IS OPEN DAILY FROM TEN TILL SIX.
Admission, including Illustrated Catalogue, ONE SHILLING.

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NOW OPEN,
THE SUMMER EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS,
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PRINCE OF WALES'
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Admission One Shilling.—Excursionists Sixpence.



THE RECENT REVOLT IN THE TRANSVAAL

STANDERTON is a small military station between Newcastle and Heidelberg, which was closely besieged by the Boers during the recent campaign. Our artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp, has sent us several sketches of the various skirmishes with the Boers during the investment, as well as of incidents inside the redoubts. The garrison was often very hard pressed by the enemy, and, according to the correspondent of the *Daily News*, rigid martial law was enforced to maintain order, flogging being occasionally resorted to. The troops succeeded in maintaining good their defence and in repulsing their assailants' attacks, and frequently, in order to impress the Boers with a sense of the strength of the British, an imitation wooden gun was run out whenever they approached within a short distance, and the sight of this speedily caused the enemy to retire to their own lines, to the intense amusement of our troops. The sketches mainly speak for themselves, and do not require describing in detail, but we may call attention to the manner in which our skirmishers were taught to avail themselves of every scrap of cover, the Boers being such brilliant marksmen that the man who exposed himself was doomed. Another of our artist's sketches represents Major Burrows' mounted infantry crossing the Ingogo Drift. Close to here the Battle of Ingogo was fought on February 8th, in which General Colley was so severely defeated in attempting to restore the communications with Newcastle, which had been cut off by the Boers. Lieutenant Wilkinson was drowned in this river after Major Burrows had crossed, the stream rising with unusual rapidity. Heidelberg is one of the chief towns of the Transvaal, and it was here that the recent rising broke out, 5,000 Boers taking possession of the town, and electing Mr. Kruger president and Mr. Piet Joubert commander-in-chief. Our artist has represented the exterior of the offices of the Landrost.

The Boers have acted with great harshness towards the "loyalists," or British sympathisers who declined to join in the rising. These unfortunate persons have been ill-treated and ruthlessly plundered, and have, in many cases, been threatened with confiscation. Many who returned to their farms after the armistice found that the Boers had quietly taken possession of their property. Thus, upon the news that the British Government had definitely decided upon surrendering the territory to the Boers, numbers of British subjects—who, in many cases, had invested considerable capital in their holdings—and loyalist Boers crossed over to Natal, so as once more to be under British protection. Our artist has depicted a party of these refugees on the road.

THE STEAMBOAT CATASTROPHE IN CANADA

ON Monday, May 23rd, one of the most terrible steamboat accidents on record occurred on the River Thames, near London, in the Province of Ontario, Canada. The steamer in question, the *Victoria*, had started from Springbank, about four miles below the city, with 600 or 700 passengers—some 200 more than her full complement. As the vessel listed on the starboard side during the trip the passengers were ordered to the port side, when the boat appears to have suddenly righted and rolled over to the port side. The lurch seems to have dislodged the boiler, which slipped into the water; the vessel began immediately to sink; and, to complete the misfortune, the upper deck gave way, and crashed upon the unfortunate people who were in the water. Although the boat was only forty feet from the bank, the most appalling scenes took place, men, women and children struggling on every side, shrieking piteously, until a half-smothered gurgle told that all was over. The survivors could feel the poor creatures clinging to their legs until they sank below, while many who might otherwise have been saved were unable to be extricated in time from the wreckage. A Mr. Montgomery, who was saved, states that "many if not all, might have been saved had it not been that they were swept away by the sudden collapse of the flimsy upper works, and buried in the wreck, where strong men and prattling children were alike helpless. She went to pieces just as one would sweep a house of cards off the table." The captain states that he knew the vessel was in danger, and had intended to have beached her on a neighbouring sand bar, could he have reached it. The *Victoria* was a flat-bottomed vessel, scow-shaped at both ends, and registered to carry 400 persons. She would sail in fifteen inches of water when light. The boiler and engine were on the main-deck, as of course there was no hold or "below" to the steamer. A light upper-deck, with a surrounding railing, was intended for the passengers, and was covered by a wooden awning. Two hundred and forty bodies have been recovered from the river, but no official statement of the number of missing has been issued. Most of the victims were inhabitants of London, a thriving city of 30,000 inhabitants, and where nearly every family has been thrown into mourning by the

disaster.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. Barron of London, Canada, kindly forwarded by Mr. Andrew Dougans of Glasgow.

DRAWING ROOM DAY—A SKETCH IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

THE scene here depicted is one with which most Londoners are acquainted. It represents the appearance of the Mall on the day of the Drawing Room held by the Queen, when the road is kept by the Life Guards, to allow a free passage for the carriages of persons about to be favoured with a presentation to Her Majesty. The drawing is taken at the time when one of the officers of the Royal Horse Guards is preceding the escort of the Prince and Princess of Wales from Marlborough House.

"THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

THIS new story, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, is concluded in this number.

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"

THIS engraving is a portion of the picture entitled "Scotland for Ever!" painted by Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson), and exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, by Messrs. T. Hildesheimer and Co., of London, Manchester, and New York. A photograph of this work is being prepared by Messrs. Hildesheimer and Co.

The episode of the Battle of Waterloo here depicted is thus described by Mr. James Grant in his "British Battles by Land and Sea":—"Another French column which had passed the hedges was now pressing on this handful of the 92nd, who, on being aided by the 1st Royal Scots and the 42nd Highlanders, at once advanced, and, when within twenty yards, threw in a concentrated volley that completely staggered the French. At that moment the Scots Greys came up, and the Highlanders opened their files to let them pass. "Scotland for Ever!" was the shout of the Greys, as they brandished their swords, while the pipes striking up heightened the national enthusiasm. Many of the Highlanders broke from their ranks and caught hold of the Greys' stirrups to keep up with them, and join in their charge. The French column was instantly broken, and in its flight the cavalry rode over it. The result of this dash, which occupied only a few minutes, was a loss to the enemy of two eagles and two thousand prisoners."

CENSUS-TAKING AMONG THE CREE INDIANS, MANITOBA

THE modern mania for statistics is aroused by various scientific or benevolent motives; but in the good old days, when kings and rulers numbered the people, it was either because they wanted money or soldiers, probably both. Hence, taxing and numbering were practically synonymous, as in St. Luke—"a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed." This traditional view of census-taking still obtains among semi-civilised peoples, and lately the Santhals, an aboriginal tribe in India, broke into open revolt on the appearance of the enumerator. No such difficulty seems to have occurred with the North American Indians. Perhaps a hint was borrowed from the American side of the border, where, as the redskins would have been bothered by ordinary census-papers, willow wands were notched to show the number of inhabitants in each wigwam, the children being indicated by slight twigs.—Our engraving is from a sketch by W. T. Sabel.

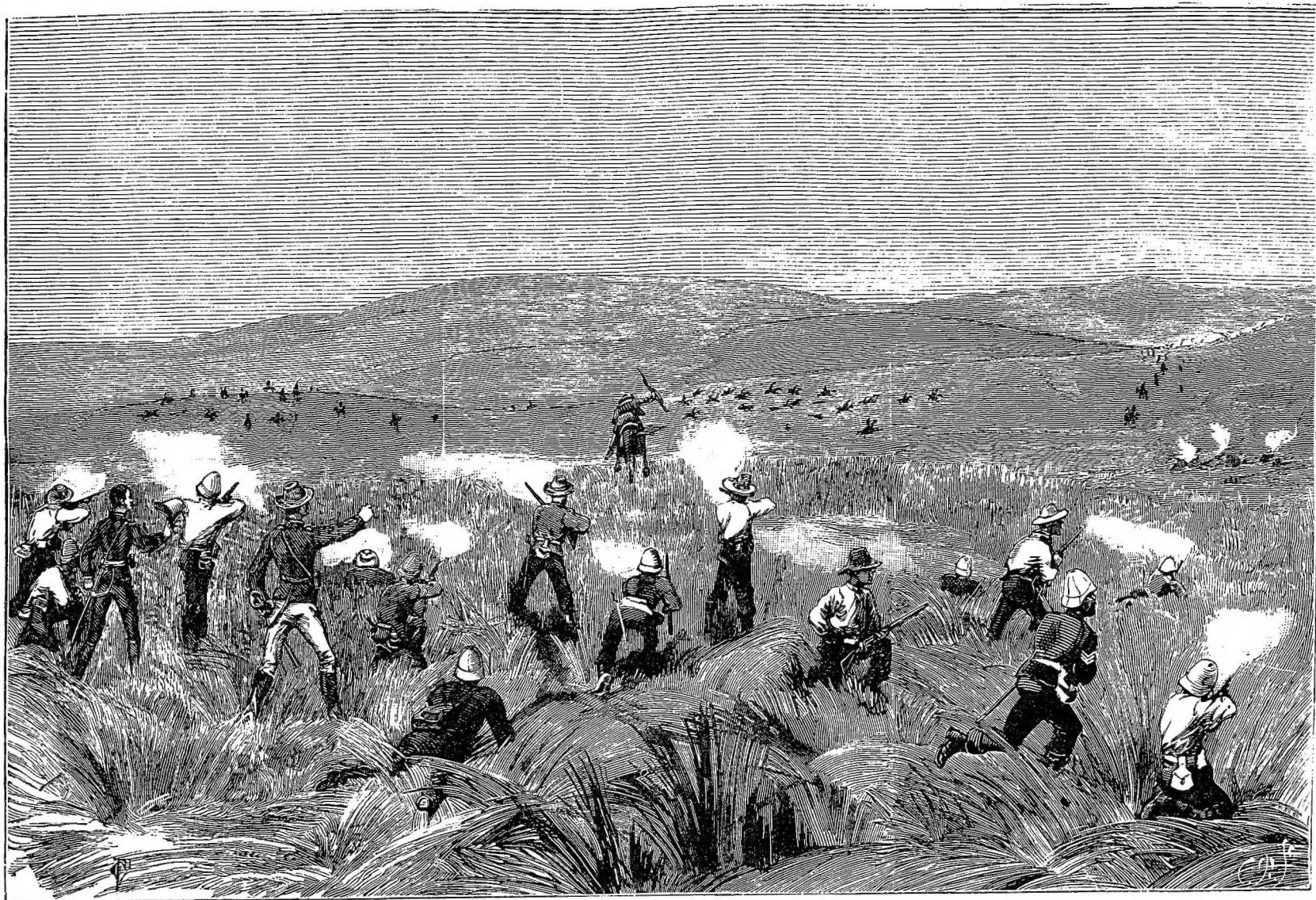
FLEET ATHLETIC SPORTS AT MALTA

AT the annual Fleet athletic sports at Malta, the usual contests, such as the "tug of war," running in sacks, &c., took place, but the most amusing and novel was the Obstacle Race. About twenty blue-jackets started, and in various racing costumes. The competitors had to pass first under a large pole of only sufficient height from the ground to allow a man to squeeze underneath (some of the stouter ones getting temporarily jammed), then through casks, maze, and over poles. All Malta turned out to witness the sports, including the Governor, Commanders-in-Chief, both Naval and Military, hundreds of carriages and people were to be seen along the course; soldiers and sailors were most numerous.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Commander W. P. Haynes, H.M.S. *Monarch*.

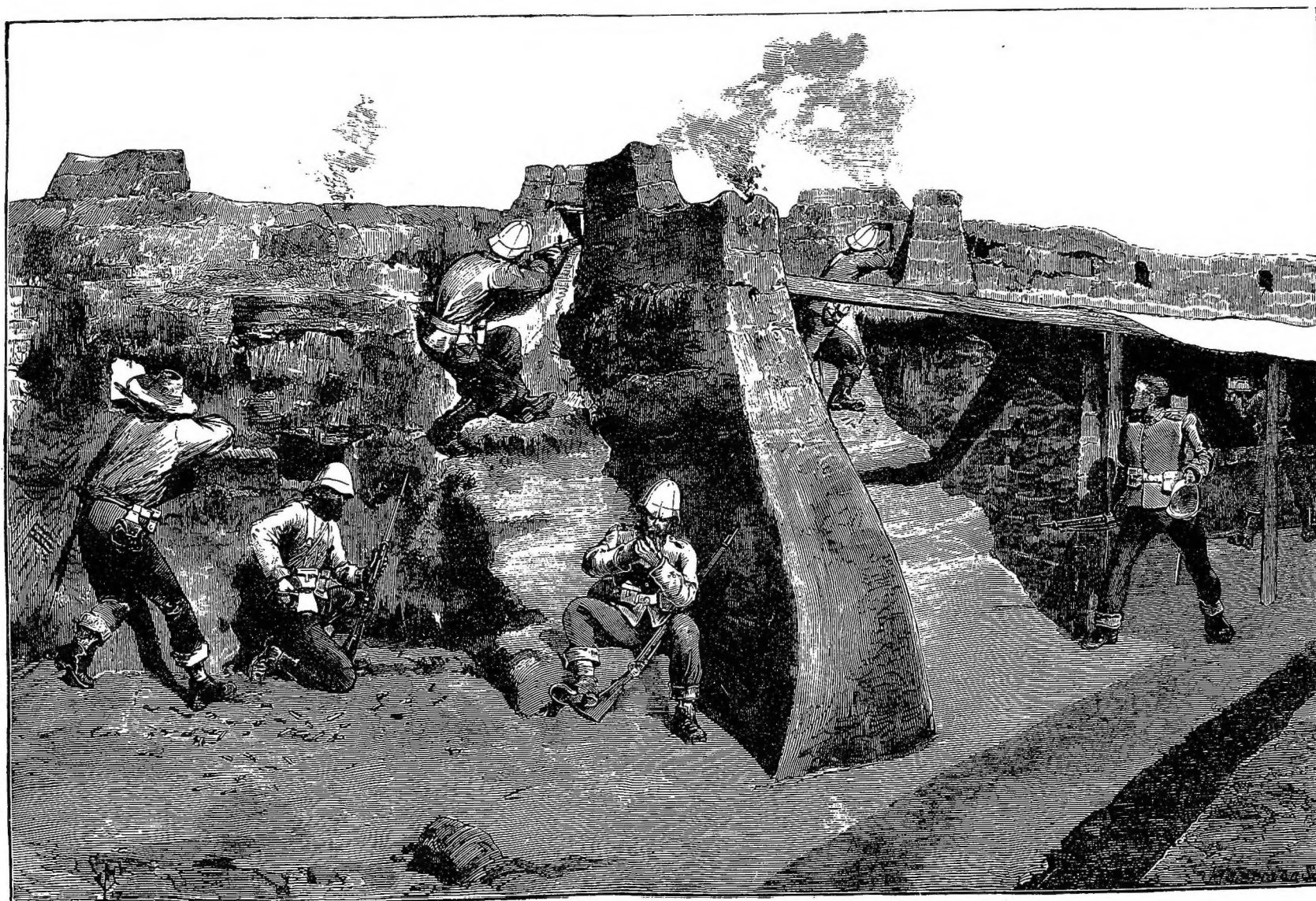
THE CALDERON BI-CENTENARY

SPAIN, following close upon the heels of Portugal and her festival in honour of her great poet De Camoens, has been celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the death of the "Spanish Shakespeare," Don Pedro Calderon. Unlike his British compeer, however, Calderon was born of an illustrious family, and seems to have taken up playwriting rather as a pastime than as a profession, for though it is stated that he wrote his first play at eighteen, and that his productions were always received with great favour, at the age of twenty-five we find him serving with considerable distinction with the army in the Netherlands. From thence, however, he was recalled by Philip IV., who, essentially fond of theatrical performances, retained him in Madrid to write plays for palace festivals. Calderon, however, soon thirsted again for military glory, and took part in the Catalan campaign, but at the conclusion of peace reappeared at Court, and from that time entirely devoted himself to literature and the drama—writing not only festival plays for the Palace, but those ecclesiastical pieces known as *Autos sacramentales*. In 1651 he entered the Church, being appointed Chaplain to the Royal Chapel, and subsequently was elected the Mayor of the San Pedro brotherhood. He died on May 25th, 1681, leaving a large fortune to the convent. Calderon was a most prolific writer, and is said to have produced 128 plays, 200 "preludes," 100 *divertissements*, and 95 *Autos sacramentales*. His last play, *Hado y Divisa*, was written in his eightieth year.

For many months past Madrid has been anxiously preparing for the festival in honour of her great poet. Invitations were scattered broadcast throughout Europe, and poets of all nations were invited to compete for prize odes and essays on Calderon and his works. The festivities began on May 22nd, when numerous literary meetings were held, a monument unveiled, and banquets and concerts, and lectures innumerable were given, while Calderon's plays were performed at the theatres. On the 25th ult.—the anniversary of Calderon's death—a solemn service was celebrated in the Church of San José, the King and all the celebrities of the capital being present, and after the Mass had been said a procession was formed, and wended its way to Calderon's tomb in the Church of San Pedro. Next day there was another procession of some 8,000 or 9,000 youths, but on the 27th ult. there was a grand historical cavalcade, which certainly formed the greatest feature in the whole proceedings. This comprised, in addition to deputations from every Town Council, guild, literary, commercial, and official Corporation in the kingdom, a number of triumphal cars, allegorical statues on platforms drawn by horses, and soldiers in the uniforms and with the arms of these seventeenth century, in fact the correspondent of the *Daily News* tells us: "It seemed as if the contemporaries of Calderon had sent some 2,000 dignitaries and citizens of the Madrid of 1681 to parade the streets with the modern promoters of the centenary festivities." Our sketch depicts the car symbolising the Navy passing the grand allegorical trophy of Calderon seated on Mount Helicon, which had been erected near the Puerta d'Alcala. On the top of the trophy is a temple colonnade, and under its sits Calderon himself escorted by Thalia and Melpomene. Lower down is Fame with her trumpet, and on the edge of the rock close by the flowing fountain is the figure of Spain,

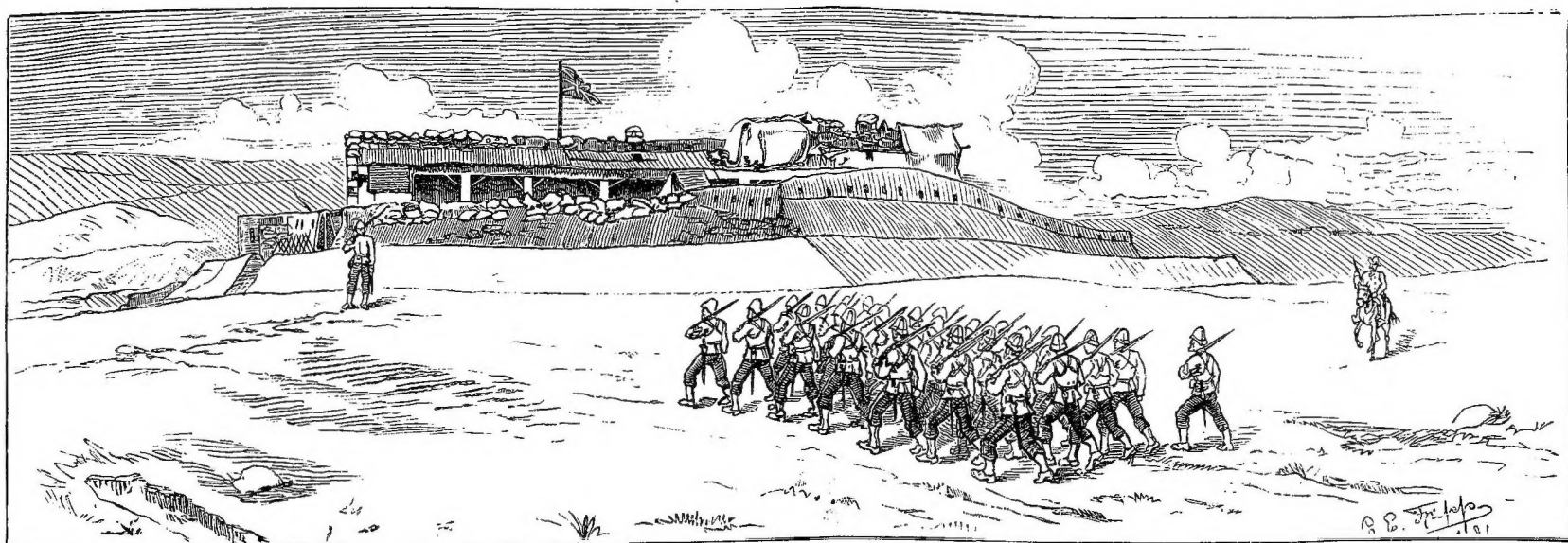


SKIRMISHING NEAR STANDERTON

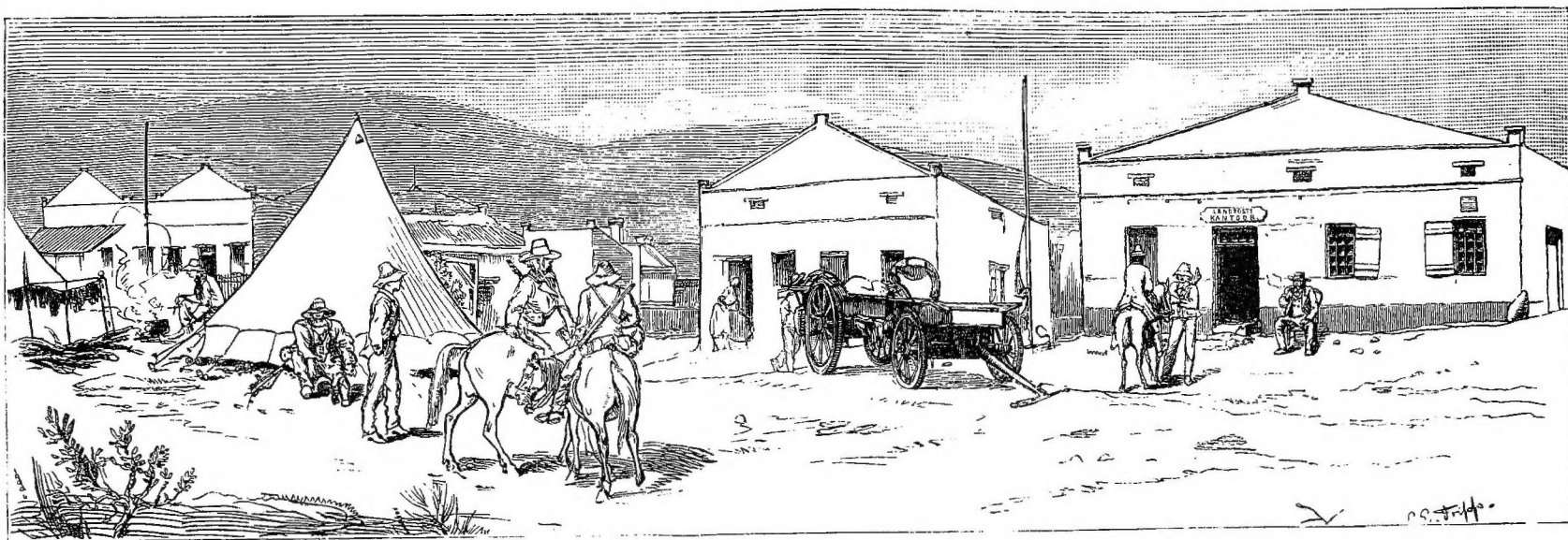


THE DEFENCE OF STANDERTON—INTERIOR OF A REDOUBT DURING A HEAVY ATTACK

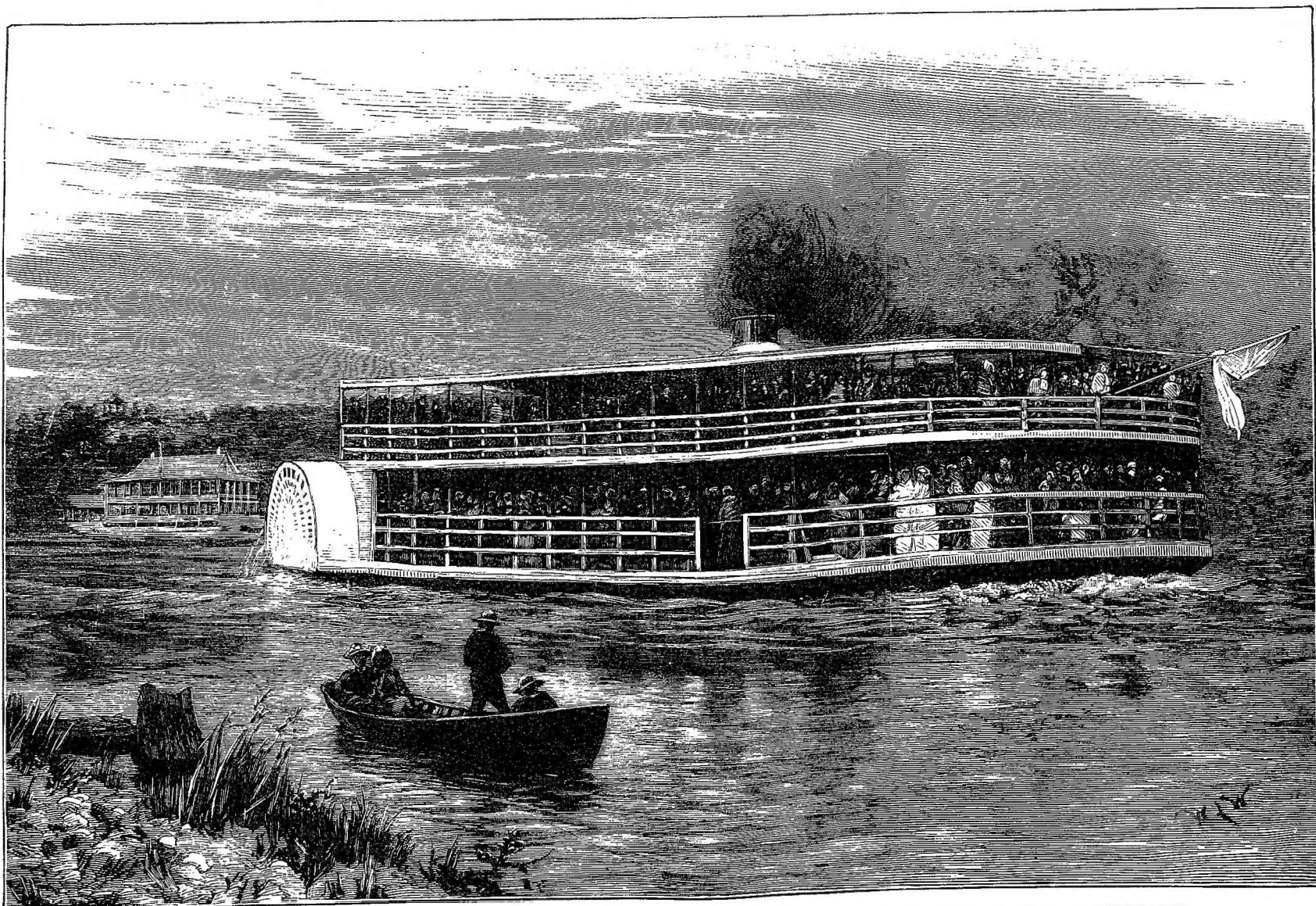
THE RECENT REVOLT IN THE TRANSVAAL
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



FORT ALICE, STANDERTON



OFFICES OF THE BOER LANDROST, HEIDELBERG
THE RECENT REVOLT IN THE TRANSVAAL
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



THE FATAL STEAMBOAT DISASTER IN CANADA — THE "VICTORIA" STARTING FROM SPRINGBANK

with the classical lion at her feet. The cavalcade, which altogether was a splendid pageant, was received with tremendous enthusiasm by the populace.

GEORGE STEPHENSON

It is needless here to enter into any details concerning the life of George Stephenson. To most of our readers they are already familiar through the fascinating biography of Mr. Smiles, a cheap Centenary Edition of which has just been published by Mr. John Murray.

Two public celebrations have already taken place in connection with the memory of George Stephenson. The Stockton and Darlington Railway, originally formed for the conveyance of coals to the seaside, and now incorporated with the North-Eastern Railway,

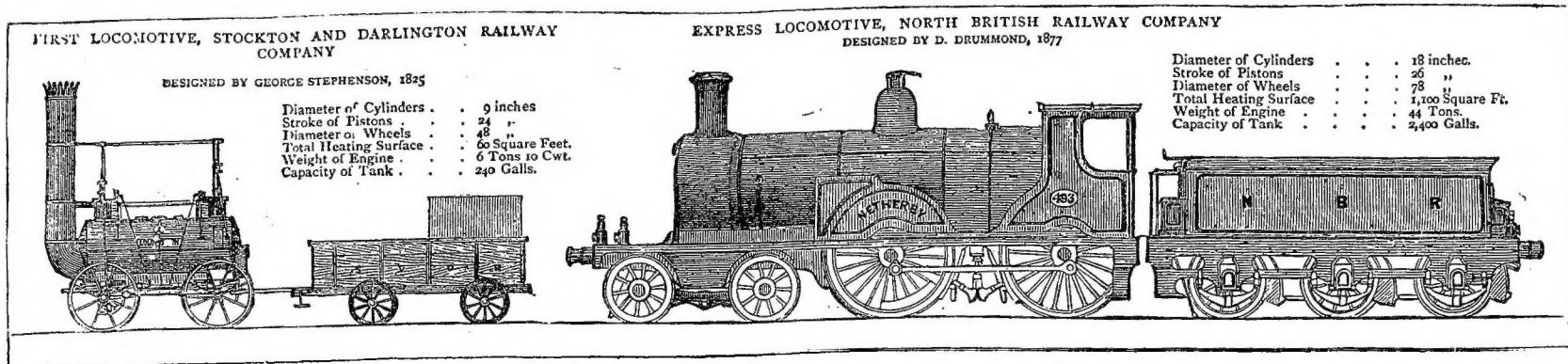
held its Jubilee September 27th, 1875. Then at Turin, Italy, a Railway Jubilee was held October 8th, 1879. There were processions and ovations, and a striking likeness of Stephenson in marble was unveiled in front of the magnificent railway station.

Who would have guessed a hundred years ago that the name of George Stephenson would be honoured all over the world? His father was a colliery fireman, whose wages were only twelve shillings a week, who was barely able to feed his wife and six children, who had little to spare for clothing, and nothing for education. Yet the second son of this humble toiler lived to effect changes in the world far more extensive and permanent than the conquests of Napoleon. His victories, too, were gained without bloodshed, and tended to increase human happiness.

Nor did the difficulties which George Stephenson had to encounter

cease with childhood. As Mr. Smiles observes: "For the first fifty years of his life he had everything against him. He owed nothing to luck, to patronage, to the advantages of education. He owed everything to bravery, intense conviction, and prolonged perseverance. He had to teach himself everything, from the A B C to the principles of mechanics. Then, besides overcoming his own ignorance, he had to conquer the opposition of men of knowledge and science, who stood united to oppose him, and could only be silenced by success."

Referring to his portrait, Mr. Smiles speaks of "Stephenson's shrewd, kind, honest, manly face. His fair, clear countenance was ruddy, and seemingly glowed with health. The forehead was large and high, with that massive breadth across the lower part which indicates constructive ability. The mouth was firmly marked, and



"THEN AND NOW"—THE EARLIEST AND LATEST LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES

shrewdness and humour lurked there as well as in the keen grey eye. His frame was compact, well-knit, and rather spare. His hair, which became grey early, was latterly of a pure silky whiteness."—Our portrait is from a painting by John Lucas.

LAST DAYS AT CANDAHAR

OUR engravings are from sketches by an officer who formed part of the last detachment of troops which left Candahar. One represents the British sentry a few moments before the evacuation, and its companion the Afghan trooper who relieved him. The latter seemed to fear sunstroke, as he put up an umbrella directly he had been posted. "On April 17th," writes the artist, "the advanced guard of Abdurrahman's army under Hashim Khan reached Kokoran, having passed our camp near Candahar on the way that day. It consisted of two regiments of cavalry, in which hardly two men were dressed or equipped alike, mounted on wiry galloways. At the head of each regiment rode its colonel, followed by a band of kettle-

drummers and two or three trumpeters, who confined themselves to repeating about two bars of a call over and over again. These were followed by two standard-bearers and the troopers (sowars) in half-sections. The manner in which they crossed a small dry water-course did not excite my admiration of their riding abilities. Some of them had on English infantry tunics, a few artillery overalls, and a good many English pouches and sword-belts."

THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS

THE Bath and West of England and Southern Counties' Agricultural Association has this week held its Annual Show at Tunbridge Wells, the shed and tents occupying a space of some forty acres on the slopes of Rumber's Hill. The entries of live stock numbered 767, and there were 250 stands of implements, 86 of machinery in motion, and a multitude of others for the display of seeds, flowers, poultry, pigeons, bees, pictures, and art manufactures. The Prince of Wales visited the Show on Tuesday, when, despite the

incessant rain, the whole town was gaily decorated with flags and flowers in his honour, and the residents thronged the windows and pavements all along the line of route taken by the Royal carriage. On the arrival of the special train from London, the Prince was received by the Town Council and by the Marquis of Abergavenny (this year President of the Society), who at once bore him off to his residence, Eridge Castle, a fine old building which, after falling into ruin, was restored in 1790 by the then Earl of Abergavenny. His Royal Highness and a select company of guests lunched with the Marquis in the Banquet Chamber, upon the walls of which hang family portraits ranging over four centuries, conspicuous among them being that of Warwick, the "King Maker." After luncheon the Prince, accompanied by the Marquis of Abergavenny and the Earl of Cork, drove to the Show, where he was received by the Council of the Society, and conducted through the Fine Arts department and the cattle rings, after which some of the prize animals were paraded before him. The rain, however, continued to fall in



THE REMARKABLE CHARACTERS WHO WERE AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS WITH SAMUEL RICHARDSON, THE NOVELIST, IN 1748, FROM A DRAWING IN HIS POSSESSION

torrents, and the Prince left early, and returned to London by special train.—Our sketches need little description, Tunbridge Wells being one of the best-known watering-places in the kingdom. The chalybeate springs which have rendered it so fashionable were first discovered in the reign of James I. In 1630 Queen Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I., paid a visit to the Wells; but there were then no houses there suitable for the reception of a Royal guest, and so Her Majesty and suite encamped in tents on Bishop's Down. Queen Adelaide, Queen Marie Amélie, and our present gracious Sovereign when Princess Victoria, have all patronised the place, residing in a mansion which is now converted into an hotel, situated on the Royal Parade, or "Pantiles," as it was formerly called. The Chapel of Ease stands near the entrance to the Parade, and was the first Episcopal place of worship erected in the town.—The engraving on this page, which represents the Pantiles in 1748, is reproduced from a woodcut of a drawing belonging to Samuel Richardson, the novelist, which was published in 1804.

OUR OBITUARY RECORD

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PATRICK ADAM, the Governor of Madras, but better known in this country as the Liberal Whip of the House of Commons, was the elder son of the late Admiral Sir Charles Adam, of Blair Adam, N.B., where he was born in 1823. He was educated at Rugby and Cambridge University, and subsequently studied law at the Inner Temple, being called to the Bar in 1849. In the following year, after unsuccessfully contesting the Parliamentary seat which he afterwards occupied, he went out to India, where, from 1853 to 1858, he held the post of private secretary to Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay. On his return to England in 1859, he was elected to Parliament for Clackmannan and Ross, a position which he maintained for 21 years. He was a Lord of the Treasury 1865-6 and again in 1868, and in 1873 he was appointed Chief Commissioner of Works and became a member of the Privy Council. In his capacity of Liberal Whip in the House of Commons he contrived to make himself exceedingly popular with all with whom he was brought into contact, and his business tact,

straightforwardness, and untiring energy were universally acknowledged. When the Liberals were in Opposition he did much to make the power of the minority as effective as possible, and on their return to power he resumed his old post at the Office of Works. Towards the end of the year he was appointed to succeed the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos as Governor of Madras, and, after being flattered and congratulated by his constituents and friends, he left England in November last for Madras, where, during the few past months, he had become very popular. The climate, however, seems to have been unsuited to him, for a return of his old complaint, enteritis, in an aggravated form, proved fatal, and he died on the 24th ult. at Ootacamund, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. The late Mr. Adam married in 1856 Emily, daughter of General Sir William Wyllie, G.C.B., and left a family, of whom the eldest is Mr. Charles Elphinstone Adam, born in 1859. His remains are, we believe, to be brought home for interment at Blair Adam.

MR. HENRY PEASE, of Stanhope Castle, Durham, was the son of Edward Pease, the father of railways, and was born at Darlington. He took an important part in the extension of the railway system which his father had originated, embarked largely in commercial pursuits, and yet found time to devote to general politics and social reform. In 1857 he was returned in the Liberal interest as member for South Durham, and eight years afterwards he voluntarily retired from Parliamentary life in favour of his nephew, Mr. Joseph Whitwell Pease, now the head of the family, who has since occupied the seat. He was for many years President of the Peace Society, and in 1853 he joined the late Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, and Robert Charlton, of Bristol, in a mission to Russia, in the hope of preventing the threatened war between England and that country. Mr. Pease was one of another embassy of three who shortly afterwards visited Napoleon III. at Paris, to urge him to use his influence in calling together a Congress of European nations to promote the interests of peace.—Our portraits are from photographs:—Mr. Adam by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.; and Mr. Pease by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.



THE WHITSUN HOLIDAY was, to a great extent, spoilt by the uncomfortable wet weather. On Sunday, in the metropolis, the rain fell incessantly nearly the whole of the day, and the only people who ventured abroad were some few ardent admirers of Mr. Parnell, who assembled at Trafalgar Square, and trudged through the rain to Hyde Park, where they were treated to a fervent oration on the wickedness of Irish absentee landlords, and the sufferings of Irish tenants; and passed resolutions condemning the Government, and calling upon Mr. Forster to liberate the Land League leaders, and to resign office. On Monday, a snatch of sunshine in the morning tempted thousands of pleasure-seekers abroad, and many volunteer regiments turned out for marching and practice, but about midday the rain set in, and continued with little intermission until late at night; nevertheless, all the places of public resort in and around London appear to have been well attended, those affording shelter being naturally the most patronised. In Hyde Park the usual Tichborne demonstration took place, and there was also a grand procession of the Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross. At Wolverhampton a public park, leased from the Duke of Cleveland, and laid out at a cost of 15,000l., was opened by the Mayor in the presence of 20,000 people.

POLITICAL SPEECHES have been plentiful enough during the brief Parliamentary recess. At Birmingham, on Tuesday, Mr. Chamberlain made a lengthy and elaborate defence of the whole policy of the Government, casting upon the late Government the entire blame for all the difficulties by which the present Ministry has been and is beset. The Irish Land Bill had been delayed by the Tories as well as by the followers of Mr. Parnell, whose real object was not the

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removal of Irish grievances, but the separation of Ireland from England. It must, however, be passed, they had staked their existence upon it, there was no possibility of retreat, and a few weeks must now settle the fate of the Government and the measure. On the same day the Earl of Carnarvon, speaking at Burton-on-Trent, and Sir R. A. Cross at St. Helen's, Lancashire, dwelt strongly on the troubled condition of Ireland, and upon the general policy of the Government with regard to Home and Foreign affairs. On Monday, Alderman Fowler, M.P., speaking at Scarborough, said that the Government policy might be summed up as one of humiliating apologies and blunders abroad, and revolutions, Bradlaugh, and blasphemy at home. Mr. H. Fowler, M.P., at Wolverhampton, on the same day, said that Parliament was using the machinery of the eighteenth century in a fond, foolish, and futile attempt to carry on the gigantic business of the present age, and had neither the sense nor the nerve to do otherwise.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, at Cheltenham, declared his intention of calling the attention of Parliament to the Transvaal policy of the Government, and said that the Liberals, who complained of the legacies left by Conservative Governments, got nothing so bad as that which they made for themselves. Very many other speeches have been made during the week.

IRELAND is now in a state of virtual rebellion, and the Government seems powerless to restore order. Several fresh arrests have been made under the Coercion Act, but these seem only to excite the mob to renewed outbreaks of lawless violence. Roads are broken up, telegraph wires cut, houses wrecked, obnoxious persons maltreated, and the police and soldiery openly attacked by infuriated crowds of men and women, armed with sticks, stones, and occasionally knives and firearms. In more than one instance the parish priests have, at the risk of their own lives, checked the violence of the people when actual conflict appeared imminent. At Ballydehob, where a Land Leaguer named Mahoney was arrested the other day, the people attacked the large force of constabulary and twice rescued him, but he was captured a third time, and ultimately taken away. At Schull and Skibbereen there has been dreadful rioting, arising out of an unfounded rumour that another priest had been arrested, and near the latter place, according to one report, a dastardly attempt was made to upset the train conveying the military from Cork by placing a large stone on the rails. Another account, however, states that the obstruction was only some gravel which had accidentally slipped from a heap by the side of the line. On Saturday the 6th Company of the Army Service Corps left Portsmouth under sudden and unexpected orders for Dublin; and all officers of regiments quartered in Ireland, and who are on leave, have been ordered to return at once. Several fresh districts have been "proclaimed," and some announced Land League meetings prohibited. Mr. Healy, M.P., speaking at a meeting on Sunday at Swords, in the county of Dublin, said he was there in response to a challenge issued to him by Mr. Buckshot Forster, one of the most truculent and indecent acts ever perpetrated by a great Minister of the Crown, for it was very much as if a man caparisoned in full armour challenged another, naked and defenceless, to mortal combat. He would remind Mr. Forster that there were some countries to which it would not be quite so safe to challenge him to come, where the code of honour still prevailed, and where gentlemen stood upon more equal footing than they did in Ireland. Mr. Dillon's letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, with Mr. Brand's reply, saying that as it does not relate to any matters of privilege he did not think it necessary to lay it before the House, has been issued as a Parliamentary paper.

THE CO-OPERATIVE CONGRESS at Leeds was opened on Monday, under the presidency of Lord Derby, who delivered a lengthy address, eulogising the principles, and pointing out the advantages of the system. On Tuesday Mr. T. Hughes, Q.C., presided. He gave an account of the new settlement of Rugby, Tennessee, U.S.A.; admitted "with great regret and humiliation" that there was much truth in the statement made in a paper by Mr. Holmes that "there was a marked tendency to compromise between co-operative principles and the customs of co-operation, and to tolerate and smooth over the fact, and to speak charitably of breaches of fundamental principles;" and announced that Mr. Taylor, of Cambridge University, proposed to establish a "Participation Society," with the special object of advocating among employers the principle of "industrial partnership. England," he said "was the best place in the world to live in—for rich people—and they would not stop until they had made it the best place for the poor also."

THE WORKMEN'S PEACE ASSOCIATION held its annual meeting on Saturday, and passed resolutions expressing shame and indignation at the recent revelations concerning the course taken by Lord Salisbury when Foreign Minister, and of regret that the French Republic, in its action in Tunis, should have followed the bad example set by our late Government in its foreign and colonial policy. "Heartfelt thanks" were, on the other hand, voted to the present Ministry for terminating the Afghan war, and for daring to do right and just in the Transvaal in the face of the demands for vengeance on the Boers.

THE STEPHENSON CENTENARY.—The Town Council of Newcastle have decided that there is no better way of doing honour to the name of Stephenson, and of perpetuating his memory, than by erecting a building in the city for the use of the College of Physical Science, to be called the Stephenson College. The cost is estimated at 20,000*l.*, towards which Sir W. Armstrong has promised 1,000*l.*

A LAND REFORM UNION has been started in Glasgow, its immediate object being to get the provisions of the Irish Land Bill applied to all agricultural holdings in Scotland under 20*l.* per year rental.

THE GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.—Sir G. B. Airy is, it is stated, about to resign his position as Astronomer Royal, and it is rumoured that he will be succeeded by Professor E. J. Stone, of Oxford, who was formerly Her Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, the office having been declined by Professor J. C. Adams, of Cambridge.

THE NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE was completed on Wednesday last week by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who with Lady Harriet Grimston, Mr. Douglas the engineer, and the officers of H.M.S. *Lively*, ascended by ladders to the height of 150 feet and laid the top stone of the structure. The Duchess of Edinburgh witnessed the ceremony from the tower of the old lighthouse.

THE BELFAST THEATRE ROYAL was on Wednesday completely destroyed by fire. Little or none of the properties or wardrobe was saved, but fortunately no lives were sacrificed.

THE PRINTERS' PENSION CORPORATION will hold their fifty-fourth anniversary festival on June 30th, when Earl Spencer will preside.

THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE LOAN EXHIBITION OF ORNAMENTAL ART which opens to-day (Saturday) at the South Kensington Museum, promises to be of the highest interest. Palaces, museums, churches, convents, and private collectors from all parts of the two countries have alike contributed largely, and the exhibition is rich in splendid gold and metal work, suits of Damascene armour and Toledo blades, ecclesiastical vestments, Hispano-Moresque ivories, Visigothic jewels, historical relics, &c., &c. The tapestry from the Royal Palace in Madrid is particularly beautiful, fresh and vivid in spite of its age, while a huge gold vase lent by the Queen of Spain is conspicuous among the exhibits. It is feared that all of the Portuguese contributions will not arrive in time for the opening day.

THE House of Commons met on Thursday after a Whitsun Recess that was a mere mockery of a holiday. The present Session, even should it terminate at the ordinary date in August, will be one of the longest and the most laborious of many years. The sittings commencing a month earlier than usual have with direful regularity lasted far into the night, and have been filled with incident. It is true that not much has been accomplished in the way of actual work. But for Ministers who must needs be present, for the responsible leaders of the Opposition, and for the sprinkling of members who regard their mission in Parliament as a duty rather than a recreation, the kind of work the House of Commons has had to perform during the past five months has been more exhausting than the steady labour with its concurrent fruits of legislation which has become a tradition of the past. It is worry, not work, that kills, and the Session hitherto has been full of worry. In these circumstances a Whitsun Recess which is practically a three days' holiday has been scarcely worth having.

The House of Lords have been a trifle more fortunate in this respect. They do not meet till Monday, when they will have rounded off the interval of rest by the proportions of a full week. If this matter had been arranged on a basis of stricter justice it is the House of Commons that would have had the week's holiday, whilst the Lords might well have been content with three days, or, indeed, might have contributed their quota to the pitiful allowance of the exhausted Commons. The House of Lords necessarily met for the Session on the same day as the Commons, and with the exception of an extended holiday at Easter have also sat for nearly five months. But it is no exaggeration to say that in that time they have not done five days' work. This has not been due to any fault of their own. They would gladly have buckled to; but there simply has been no opportunity for display of their legislative capacity. They have been the frozen-out gardeners of the Legislature, and have gone about bitterly complaining that they "have got no work to do." In this dilemma they have nobly struggled against adverse fate by getting up what should have been great debates on divers circumstances. Whilst Lord Beaconsfield was yet with them the field of foreign politics was not unfruitful. There was, two or three weeks before Easter, a great debate on the withdrawal from Candahar, with a division in which the Government were censured by an overwhelming majority. This debate and division are chiefly memorable because they were the last in which Lord Beaconsfield took part. He spoke, and voted, and passed out, nevermore to enter the Chamber of which for a brief period he had been the central figure.

The translation of Mr. Disraeli to the House of Lords gave the Chamber a quite exceptional interest and importance. With the Premier and Foreign Secretary in the House of Lords the House of Commons distinctly descended from the first position it had held in the thoughts of the people. The old balance was re-established by the General Election. Still, wherever Lord Beaconsfield was, thither turned the eyes of the world. With Lord Beaconsfield gone and a Democratic Government in power, the House of Lords is shorn of its attractiveness, and plays a very poor second fiddle in the orchestra. Noble lords, accustomed to the recently-revived glories of their House and state, spasmodically attempt to induce an appearance of important business. Notices to "call attention" to all sorts of Imperial questions are nightly given. Sometimes the debate comes off; much oftener it does not. But at best, when a noble lord has completed the preparation of a speech, and is not met from one side or other with a request to postpone its delivery, the exhibition is a melancholy one. Half-a-dozen, or at most a score, of gentlemen seated in various attitudes of listlessness throughout the Chamber, the Lord Chancellor dozing on the Woolsack, a few strangers in the Gallery, and the noble orator, half reciting, half reading, his essay,—such is the spectacle presented for an hour or two on those nights when the Lords do something more than meet at five o'clock, and go wearily home at half-past five.

This is due to the condition of affairs in the Commons. No Bills are passing the House, and therefore no work reaches the Lords. The chief work of legislation accomplished in the House of Commons has been the passing of the Coercion Bills. This was a question on which the Lords had very distinctly made up their minds, and what had taken the Commons many weeks to elaborate they rattled through in a few hours. Of course the Irish members are directly responsible for the deadlock in both Houses. Their resistance to the Coercion Bill may at least be understood. Their conduct in respect of other measures coming before the House is more intricate in its motives. For several years Mr. Parnell and his followers have been crying aloud for a remedy for the ills under which Ireland labours, and when one which he acknowledges is generous is proffered him he does his best to delay its administration. On a recent occasion, in the House of Commons, Mr. Bright, in an unambitious speech, discussed those evils, and suggested some simple and homely cordials. The general drift of his remarks was that the remedy lay in the hands of the people themselves, that if they were more industrious, more self-reliant, and took fuller advantage of the opportunities that lay at their hand, Ireland might cease to be "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen." This way of looking at things brought about Mr. Bright's head a clamour not encouraging to those who think that in this speech he hit the nail full on the head. Hour after hour members below the gangway opposite poured the vials of their wrath over the head of the unfortunate Chancellor of the Duchy. Mr. O'Donnell blazed upon him with irresistible fury; Mr. Biggar was icily satirical; Mr. Healy was simply abusive; and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, for once in his life, was, or modestly said he was, at a loss for words to express his feelings. If the Parnellites had suddenly discovered the beard of Cromwell under Mr. Bright's muffer, they could not have been more angry with him. As Mr. Biggar plainly said, what Ireland wants is money, aid voted out of the Imperial exchequer, and not insulting advice to work out her own deliverance.

The prospects of the last division of the Session which commenced on Thursday are not cheering. Five months of the Session have passed, and the work which Parliament really met to accomplish is practically all before the House. Three days have been spent in Committee on the Irish Land Bill, and six lines have been passed, leaving 1,079 to be dealt with. It is too much to say that even these six lines have been finally disposed of. They deal with the question of the sale of tenant right, and several points were raised which were not settled, but postponed. Amendments were put forward, debated at some length, and then withdrawn, with the kindly promise that they shall be brought up again at some future stage. By these easy means the progress already accomplished was achieved, and is therefore rather nominal than actual. What is quite plain is, that if the Land Bill is to be passed this Session, discussion in the House of Commons will have to be conducted under conditions vastly different from those hitherto prevailing. That Mr. Gladstone means that the Bill shall be added to the statute book this year is beyond doubt. Up to the present time he has been ominously quiet in the presence of the obstacles which check the progress of the measure. He has never complained that it is slow, though he has missed no opportunity of reiterating the expression of his anxiety that the Bill should move forward, or of his determination that it shall reach the House of Lords in time to be dealt with by them this year. This plainly means that before many days are over the Premier will call upon the House of Commons to devote the whole of its time and energies to the Land Bill, and to sit in Committee day by day till it shall have given final form and shape to its clauses.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY has elected Mr. G. Aitchison, architect, an Associate.

COMMODORE NUTT, the well-known American dwarf, who accompanied General Tom Thumb on his visits to England, has died at the age of thirty-six.

THE PORTRAIT OF ALBERT DÜRER, painted by himself in 1493, which was lately found at Leipsic has been bought by a German art-lover for 1,150*l.*

LONDON COFFEE AND EATING-HOUSE KEEPERS' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.—The forty-fourth anniversary dinner will take place at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, E.C., on Tuesday, the 14th inst., Mr. P. de Keyser in the chair.

TWO INTERESTING POLITICAL WORKS are stated to be shortly forthcoming. A history of the late Czar's reign will be written by General Milutine, the Russian ex-Minister of War, while Marshal MacMahon proposes to publish the Souvenirs of his Presidency.

YACHTING IN FRANCE has increased wonderfully in favour of late years. Formerly few Frenchmen cared about either rowing or sailing as a recreation, but now boating or yachting clubs are established in 42 of the 86 Departments of France, and the pleasure fleet of the country numbers some 9,365 vessels, worth altogether 550,000*l.*

THE BETHNAL GREEN FREE LIBRARY, during its six years' existence, has been so appreciated by the inhabitants of the East End as now to need increased accommodation. A "People's Contribution Fund" has been established by the Committee to raise 300*l.* for additional furniture and fittings, so as to provide room for more readers. The library contains 7,000 volumes.

KILLING BLACK BEETLES is the orthodox Ascension Day custom with Roman children. On the eve they go out gathering beetles, and next day make miniature bonfires, and either cremate the insects in a mass, or set fire to their tails and make them run up a long plank, the lads and lasses meanwhile dancing round and singing. This practice is very ancient, and has survived all efforts to put it down.

THE FIRST GREEK PLAY REPRESENTED IN AMERICA has proved as great a success as the performance of the *Agamemnon* at Oxford. Fired by the example of their Oxonian brethren, the Harvard students got up Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannus* with the greatest care, and for the last few weeks Transatlantic Cambridge has thought of and discussed nothing else. Special music was written for the occasion, and the scenery and costumes were arranged with the utmost exactitude under the direction of the Harvard professors, while the acting and good accent of the performers is said to have been worthy of the highest praise.

A CANAL THROUGH THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH is now being planned by M. de Lesseps. This canal would save twelve hours for steamers going to Constantinople from the Mediterranean, and twenty hours for those coming from the Adriatic. M. de Lesseps, who, by the way, surveyed the ground twenty-five years ago, now thinks that the Isthmus could be best cut through by starting from a point at the foot of the mountain crowned with the Acropolis, and bearing to the left. Occupied as he is by Corinth and Panama, the French engineer has not forgotten his old creations, and is considering a scheme for lighting the Suez Canal by electricity so as to allow the passage of ships by night.

ROYAL VISITORS AT COBLENZ do not get a very warm welcome, to judge by a recent experience of the Queen of the Belgians, detailed by the *American Register*. On her way home from Vienna the Queen wished to take coffee at Coblenz, and orders were telegraphed to the railway restaurant to provide the required meal for Her Majesty, suite, and servants. Owing to some misunderstanding, on the train's arrival, a small amount of coffee was put on a side-table for the servants, who speedily consumed it, but when a supply was wanted for the Queen not a cup was to be had. Her Majesty took the matter very quietly, and asked for a glass of water, which a waiter handed her without even putting it on a tray. The feelings of the railway officials who accompanied the train may be imagined, and the restaurant keeper got immediate notice to quit.

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH, last year took photographs of the sun on 149 days, and found that there were only 8 of these on which the disc was free from spots, whereas, in 1879, there was a complete absence of spots on 64 out of 145 days. About 1,300 stars were observed, while the observations of the temperature of the Thames were discontinued, owing to the police-ship *Royalist* not having been again moored in the river. The Greenwich time-ball, which drops automatically at 1 P.M. daily, failed fifteen times, once through accident, six times owing to the violence of the wind, and eight times through the frost. Throughout 1880 the wind was very strong, the mean daily motion of the air being two miles greater than the average. The scientific books in the Observatory have so increased that a new library is to be built. Just now Sir G. Airy and his staff are busy preparing for next year's Transit of Venus, and three instruments have been sent out to Mr. Gill at the Cape for the determination of the Cape longitude, while at Greenwich itself the Corbett telescope has been adapted to the equatorial of one of the photo-heliographs, and erected for trial.

M. LITTRÉ was a most methodical and regular worker. Every hour of the day was carefully mapped out, and though when in Paris his plans were often upset by his visitors, in his country house at Mesnil-le-Roi, near Paris, he could work from 9 A.M. to 3 A.M. next morning. By no means rich, M. Littré lived with the utmost frugality in order to keep up both town and country houses, the latter being a low, quaint cottage in a quiet village, with a beautiful view down to the Seine, and a lovely garden where he worked in leisure time. His study was a large long upper room, crowded with books and papers, which overflowed on to the chairs, and only furnished with a huge writing-table and arm-chair and a small iron bedstead. He himself relates his mode of working during the preparation of his famous "Dictionary." Rising at 8 A.M., he went down to his coffee, taking some papers to utilise any spare moments, and from nine o'clock till noon was busy correcting and arranging proofs. From 1 to 3 P.M. he devoted to contributions for the *Journal des Savants*, with which he was closely connected, and then turned to his dictionary work until six o'clock. After an hour's rest for dinner, and a walk, M. Littré settled down for the evening, and went steadily through a certain number of pages of his dictionary. Generally he left off at 3 A.M., but if his daily task was not complete he would work much later. Habit and regularity, he declared, took away all the excitement usually felt by an author, and he could lie down and go to sleep immediately, like any man of leisure, waking invariably at the proper hour. The first sheets of the famous Dictionary were printed in 1859, the last in 1877. Of late years M. Littré had been planning an allegory in the vein of M. Renan's *Caliban*, to be called *The Last Man*. The hero by the aid of scientific discovery was enabled to suspend animation, and woke up from century to century to find remarkable changes in our planet. At last he found the earth growing cold, and nations dying of exhaustion. The ground produced nothing, and vegetables were priceless, a carrot or an onion being offered as a precious gift in the place of jewels, which were so plentiful as to be despised. The last man then preferred to die, and the human race became extinct.



BORN JUNE 9, 1781

GEORGE STEPHENSON
AFTER THE PAINTING BY JOHN LUCAS

DIED AUGUST 12, 1848



"DRAWING-ROOM DAY"—A SKETCH IN ST. JAMES'S PARK



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREFN

I threw back the hood, put up my hands to my face, and fell at his feet, crying and sobbing.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER THE LAST

HOW LORD CHUDLEIGH RECEIVED HIS FREEDOM

I RETURNED to my lodging, there to await the event of the next morning. My lord would learn that he was free—so far good. But with his freedom would come the news that the woman who restored it to him was the same who had taken it away, and the same whom he had professed to love. Alas! poor Kitty!

Now was I like unto a man sentenced to death, yet allowed to choose the form of his execution, whether he would be hanged, poisoned, beheaded, stabbed, shot, drowned, or pushed violently and suddenly out of life in some other manner which he might prefer. As the time approaches, his anxiety grows the greater until the fatal moment arrives when he must choose at once; then, in trouble and confusion, he very likely chooses the very method which is most painful in the contemplation and the endurance. So with me, I might choose the manner of telling my lover all, but tell him I must. "Pray Heaven," I said, "to direct me into the best way." In the afternoon I became once more Phoebe.

Phoebe carried a dish of tea; would the gentleman choose to taste it? He took it from Phoebe's hand, drank it, and returned to his writing, which was, I believe, a continuation of that letter, the commencement of which I had seen.

In the evening Sir Miles paid him a visit of consolation. He drank up what was left of the bottle, and after staying an hour or so, went away, noisily promising himself a jovial night with the Doctor.

At eight o'clock Phoebe brought a tray with cold meat upon it, but my lord would take none, only bidding her to set it down and leave him.

"Can I do nothing more for you, sir?" asked the maid.

He started again.

"Your voice, child," he said (although I had disguised my voice), "reminds me of one whose voice—"

"La, sir?" she asked. "Is it the voice of your sweetheart?"

He only sighed, and sat down again. Phoebe lingered as long as she could, and then she went away.

Then we all went to bed. Captain Dunquerque had by this time brought home the little girls and gone to the Doctor's, where, with Sir Miles and the rest, he was making a night of it.

It was a hot night; the window was open; the noise of the brawling and fighting below was intolerable; the smell from the market was worse than anything I remembered, and the bed was a strange one. Added to all this, my cares were so great that I could not sleep. Presently I arose and looked out, just as I had done a year before when first I came to my uncle for protection.

Everything was the same; there was light enough to see the groups of those who talked and the forms of those who slept. I remembered the old and the young, as I had seen them in the bright light of a July dawn: poor wretches, destined from their birth to be soldiers of the devil; elected for disgrace and shame; born for Newgate and Bridewell; brought into the world for the whipping-post, the cart-tail, and the gallows. Just the same; and I alone changed. For beneath me, all unconscious, was one whom I might call my husband. Then my thoughts went wholly out of him; then I could neither sit nor rest, nor stand still with thinking of the next day, and what I had to say and how to say it. Oh, my love—my dear—could I bear to give him up? could I bear to see him turn away those eyes which had never looked upon me save with kindness and affection? Could I endure to think that his love was gone from me altogether! Death was better, if death would come.

Then, crazed, I think, with trouble, I crept slowly from the room, and went down the stair till I reached the door of the room where my lord was lying. And here I went on like a mad thing, having just enough sense to keep silence, yet weeping without restraint, wringing my hands, praying, offering to Heaven the sacrifice of my life, if only my lover would not harden his heart to me, and kissing the while the very senseless wood of the door.

Within the room he was sleeping unconscious; without I was silently crying and weeping, full of shame and anxiety, not daring to hope, yet knowing full well his noble heart. Why, had I, weeks before, dared to tell him all, forgiveness would have been mine; I knew it well. Yet now, in such a place, when he was reminded of the companions, or at least the creatures, who had surrounded me, would he not harden his heart and refuse to believe that any virtue, any purity could survive?

All this was of no avail. When I was calmed a little I returned to my own room and sat upon the bed, wondering whether any woman was so miserable in her shame as myself.

The long minutes crept on slowly: the daylight was dawning: the night had passed away: Captain Dunquerque had rolled up the stairs noisily, singing a drunken song: the revellers below were quiet, but the morning carts had begun when I fell asleep for weariness, and when I awoke the sun was high. So I arose, dressed, and hastened downstairs, hoping to see the Doctor before sallied forth.

There had been, Roger told me with a smile, a great night. He meant that the Doctor's guests had been many, and their calls for punch numerous. Sir Miles had been carried away to some place in the neighbourhood. The Doctor was still abed.

While we talked he appeared, no whit the worse for his night's

potations. Yet I thought his face was of a deeper purple than of old, and his neck thicker. That was very likely an idle fancy, because a few months could make but little difference in a man of his fixed habits.

"Well, Kitty"—he was in good humour, and apparently satisfied with the position of things—"I have thought over thy discourse of yesterday, which, I confess, greatly moved me: first, because I did not know thee to be a girl of such spirit, courage, and dignity; and second, because I now perceive that the marriage, performed in thy interest, was perhaps, as things have now turned out (which is surely providential), a mistake. Yet was it done for the best, and I repent me not. Come, then, to my lord, and let me talk to him."

"First, sir," I begged, "tell him not my name."

He promised this; though, as he said, the name was on the register; and it was agreed between us that he should speak to my lord privately, and then that he was to call me, when I should play my part as best I could.

The Doctor led the way. When he entered the room I ran upstairs, and with trembling hands made myself as fine as I could; that is, I was but in morning dishabille, but I dressed my hair, and put those little touches to my frock and ribbons which every woman understands. And then I put on my hood, which I pulled quite over my face, and waited.

My lord rose angrily when he saw the Doctor.

"Sir," he said, "this visit is an intrusion. I have no business with you; I do not desire to see you. Leave the room immediately!"

"First," said Dr. Shovel, "I have business with your lordship." "I can have no business with you," replied Lord Chudleigh. "I have already had too much business with you. Go, sir; your intrusion is an insult."

"Dear, dear!" the Doctor replied. "This it is to be young and hot-headed and to jump at conclusions. Whereas, did the young gentleman know the things I have to say, he would welcome me with open arms."

"You come, I suppose, to remind me of a thing of which you ought to be truly ashamed, so wicked was it."

"Nay, nay; not so wicked as your lordship thinks." The Doctor would not be put out of temper. "What a benefactor is he who makes young people happy, with the blessing of the Church!"

"I cannot, I suppose, use violence to this man," said the other. "He is a clergyman, and, for the sake of his cloth, must be tolerated. Would you kindly, sir, proceed at once to the business

Kensington, and there "Puffing Billy" has its honoured rest. In 1814 the engine of Stephenson and Wood was tried on the Killingworth rail or wagon-way—the first propelled by the adhesion of its wheels on round-top rails; and for years after experiments were being made to improve this Killingworth engine. But though in 1821 Stephenson was engaged as engineer for the projected Stockton and Darlington Railway, in the first Act of the Company no power was taken to use locomotive engines, and it was not till 1823 that the Company promoting the railway obtained such power. In September, 1824, the directors gave to Robert Stephenson and Co. an order for two locomotives—the first built for any railway, and the first built at the works in South Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne—the works erected with money furnished by George Stephenson, Edward Pease, and Thomas Richardson.

And here it is well worth notice that in these works is an old engine built for them in 1823 by George Stephenson, which drove at first all the machinery in the works, and then a part of it. Its cylinder has been more than once renewed, but the beam and part of the frame are those made fifty-eight years ago. These were days when locomotive building was a task. There were practically no tools except hand lathes; ropes and pulleys were the means of raising heavy parts, the old-fashioned "screw-jack" with its four "horns" was the tool for raising engines, and the light at night was that of candles. The wheels were of metal; and the hammering on of the tyres, before the days of the application of hydraulics, was painful and laborious. The two first engines—"Locomotion" and "Hope," as they were named—for the Stockton and Darlington Railway, cost 500*l.* each. They were constructed "to travel from four to six miles an hour," and their performance is stated afterwards as "a gross weight of eighty-six and a-half tons" moved at five miles an hour. For over a score of years, with some changes, and many repairs and renewals, these engines wrought on the principal railway, and in 1857, the earliest—"Number One" was placed on a pedestal in front of the North Road Railway Station, Darlington. It has a plain straight boiler, ten feet long, by four feet diameter, with one through tube. There are four metal wheels, two cylinders of ten inches diameter each, and a twenty-four inch-stroke; its weight was six and a-half tons; and it is of sixteen horse power nominal. This, with its exposed works, its front-protruded chimney, its four wheels "plugged" on, and its antique wood-framed and brakeless tender, is a type of the locomotives of the past, and those above-named are some of the men who brought the locomotive to the state it was in over half-a-century ago.

Since that date the locomotive has been perfected; its weight has been increased, its power multiplied, and its cost enlarged. And though more enduring metal is now used, though cylinders and stroke are enlarged, the position of the former changed, and the working parts condensed and concealed, yet the principle of the engines is still that of those of sixty years ago. It is true that in the vaster engines that now do the work of the world the weight is fully sixfold that of "Locomotion," and ninefold that of the lighter "Rocket" of 1830; that the diameter of the driving wheel is raised from four feet in "Locomotion," and only a few inches more in the "Rocket," to seven feet; that the cost has been so raised that whilst the two first turned out at the Stephenson works were at the moderate price of 500*l.* each, now the price of those built in the last six months by one of the great railways averaged 2,489*l.* each, and 3,000*l.* is not an uncommon price to be paid. But the "gross load" impelled by the Killingworth engines was forty tons; passenger engines now draw more than three times that load, and some of the more powerful goods engines between six and seven hundred tons. The actual rate of travelling is raised in sixty years from six miles per hour to sixty, with further possibilities. The number of the locomotives owned by the primal predecessor of the North-Eastern Railway at the end of its first year's working was four—that successor now owns not less than 1,364. The first year's revenue of the Company which gave the order for these four early locomotives was 9,194*l.*—that of the North Eastern Railway is now from six to seven millions annually.

In these facts is outlined that growth of the locomotive and of its work since the days of Murdoch, Trevethick, Hedley, and Blenkinsop; since the time when the "humble engineer" of Killingworth, aided by Wood, Dodd, and Hackworth, and with the pecuniary support of the "grand allies," and of Pease and Richardson, slowly made smoothly workable the early rough ideas. It was a triumphal march when George and Robert Stephenson drove the Northumberland and the Phoenix; Lock, the Rocket; Alford, the Comet; and Gooch and Swannick the Dart and the Arrow at the opening of the first passenger railway; but the gathering of the engines from one only of the great works of Crewe, Newcastle, Glasgow, Manchester, and Derby, would now block up countless miles of line. The locomotive of the present perfected the idea of Stephenson, and the Webbs and the Harrisons, as well as those railway magnates who control the great lines, and are the true successors of the pioneers of the railway system, may at the time of the centenary of the birth of Stephenson look from the Tyneside engines of threescore and ten years ago to those of to-day, and believe that as Stephenson made the early engines workable, they have taken his, and brought out the latent power in the ideas it embodied.

J. W. S.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

FOR the sake of the magnificent work which the author has done in bygone days we are inclined to speak leniently of "Bible Tragedies," by Richard Hengist Horne (Newman), but must confess to a wish that the veteran poet had rested on his well-earned laurels. Of the two plays proper, which are supposed to be modelled upon the old Mysteries,—the subjects are "St. John the Baptist" and "Judas Iscariot," and the latter is in every respect the better. The third piece is a strange imitation of Biblical literature, entitled "Kahmân," and professes to deal with Job's wife, but we fail to see in what the interest consists, and the diction is not always in keeping. Some of the utterances of St. John the Baptist are not without a tincture of later Arianism, and most of the piece is little better than an indifferent metrical paraphrase of the Authorised Version. The speech of Judas in Acedama has fine points, reminding us of what Mr. Horne could once do; but, perhaps, nobody but Marlowe could ever quite have grasped the situation *in toto*.

"Other Days" (Simpkin, Marshall) is an unpretending little volume of verse of a rather old-world nature,—as will be supposed, when we mention that one piece deals with the death of the Princess Charlotte. The subject of Henry II. and his Clifford love has been better treated, and once for all; but the version of David's lament has merit,—it reminds us rather of some of N. P. Willis's serious pieces.

Two little scholastic volumes are the first and second parts of a "Poetical Reader for Schools" (Marshall Japp and Co.). Whatever may be said for the plea of novelty put forward in the preface, we cannot think the selection has been wisely made. Most of the pieces are taken from unknown or third-rate authors, and where a well accepted name does appear it is not, as a rule, suitably represented.

"My Old Portfolio" (C. Kegan Paul) was probably intended for private circulation, and contains some sympathetic verse, with one or two attempts at a higher strain. "Too Late," "A Lay of Provence," and "One in a Thousand" are pleasant, thoughtful songs, and "He Would be a Sailor" is rather a good ballad, though the ending shows most exaggerated morbidity of sentiment. But will nobody write us a few cheerful verses? Surely this world is not all made up of dust and ashes! The rhymes are occasionally very faulty.

There is a long preface to "Wayside Flowers," by John Rowell Waller (Bedlington: George Richardson), which does not throw much light upon the contents of the volume. The verses are about the average of those appearing in a country newspaper, as some of these seem originally to have done, but the "Song of the Forge" has some natural music. As for the "Battle of Otterburn," may we point out to Mr. Waller that, since the Scottish combatants were Lowlanders, it is highly improbable, at least, that any tartans would be in the field, and that, since the Douglas was never vassal to the Percy, there could be no question of "rebellion." The little book will no doubt afford pleasure to the author and his immediate friends.

We had expected something more worthy of the name of poetry from the author of "A Scholar's Daydream" than is contained in "A Household Queen," by Alsager Hay Hill (*Labour News Office*). Perhaps the exigencies of original publication may account for the comparatively low standard of the verse, for a man cannot write well to order as a rule. There is a strong advocacy of the particular form of intemperance commonly known as "feetotalism," and there are some excellent pleas for a better observance of the Christian Sunday. Only, why should not folk go to church first, and enjoy themselves afterwards,—a state of things which Mr. Hill does not seem to contemplate. By the bye, "Alsace" does not rhyme to "trace."

In "The Tribune Reflects, and Other Poems," by Edward St. John-Brenon (Reeves and Turner), we have a series of would-be dramatic monologues; unluckily, the writer has not a spark of dramatic fire, and has the crudest ideas as to the construction of blank verses; he seems to think it sufficient that each line should contain ten syllables,—more or less,—without reference to beat or caesura, and that lines as a rule may end in any part of a prose sentence. The matter has nothing to recommend it.

Mr. Ernest Wilding, the author of "Songs of Passion and Pain" (Newman), must be a very silly young gentleman, and it is rather a pity that his schoolmaster,—he *can* only have been at an "Academy,"—did not look over his verses as well as his letters home. The results, however, might have been corporeally disastrous! The poems (?) are "quite too awfully utter," and consequently, it need hardly be said, beneath contempt. Here are a few of the titles,—*"Study in White and Blood" (sic), "Harmony in Sea and Silver,"*—why does this suggest soap-suds?—and "Nocturne in White and Silver." What *did* the boy think he meant! It is high time to protest, once and for all, against the wretched, emasculate, un-Christian folly which finds its exposition in such sickening trash as this. Mr. Wilding's method of making blank verse is obviously to count out ten syllables upon his fingers; whilst for such a piece as "Rest" the recipe is,—Take a few plagiarisms and hash them up with original rubbish,—it begins "Far from the madding crowd," and shortly after we have, "After life's fitful fever!"

It is not necessary to break butterflies upon the wheel, so that "The Vale of Hermanli, and Other Poems," by "Erro" (Newman), may pass with little more than the comment that the title is a misnomer, as there is not a single poem in the book, though it contains some feeble attempts at blank verse, evidently by a novice with no musical ear.

A most delightful anthology from the higher class of national poetry is "English Odes," edited by Edmund W. Gosse (C. Kegan Paul), which is issued in the publishers' series entitled the "Parchment Library." The editor's preface, giving a succinct account of the origin and progress of the ode, is good and to the purpose, whilst his selection has been very judiciously made. The range will be owned as comprehensive, since we find specimens of many of our best poets, from Spenser down to Mr. Swinburne; the extracts from Leyden, Warton, and Sir William Jones will be new to many.

Whether we consider it as a poem or a stage-play, there is not much praise to be given to "The Advocate" a drama (Wyman and Sons). The main idea is good, viz., that of a special pleader who, having all his life maintained an almost puritanical form of rectitude, is moved by sudden passion to undertake the defence of a woman of whose innocence he is only half assured,—saves her, and finds her love given to another. But the plot is not well worked out; the end is ineffective, and, with the exception of Vitalis, none of the characters have much individuality. The author might have done better had he confined himself to prose, as most of his blank verse is poor; still occasionally it rises to something like poetry, as in the hero's speech to his friend Wilson, beginning "With piteous eloquence she did impart;" but there is a general tendency to weak endings, and a seeming ignorance of the proper construction.

The nature of the type used is almost fatal to the chances of "Bernice: a Tragedy," by J. H. Pearce (Charing Cross Publishing Company); a strong microscope would be indispensable to the enjoyment of such beauties as the play may possess. It is described as "a tragic trilogy" (*sic*), and is very tragic indeed, as the wicked heroine more or less indirectly compasses the death of most of the characters, before she relieves us by dying in horrible torments. It is a melodramatic and rather silly play, but strangely enough the verse is above the average; perhaps the author has only mistaken his line, and may do better in some other branch of poetry. It appears that he originally intended to emulate George Psalmanazar, and invent a new language in which to convey his thoughts; it was wise to abandon the idea, as it might have tended to make his audience an eclectic one.

Little need be said about "The Shepherd's Dream: a Dramatic Romance," by Henry Solly (Brook and Co.); it is tedious to read, and would be still more so in performance. The plot turns on the career of a Suffolk hind who, in Tudor times, wins the love and hand of a titled lady,—a highly probable incident, as all will allow. This phenomenon nearly gets burned for a heretic in the Marian persecution, and the martyrdom of Dr. Rowland Taylor figures prominently in the action. It may be remarked that the good priest in question was *not* a Lollard, which epithet Mr. Solly seems to imagine a synonym of Protestant! The attempts at humour are depressing, and make one inclined to sympathise with Sir Roger, when he addresses Master Carey as "vulgar ninny;" he had certainly endured much.

"Hymns for Children of the English Church" (William Poole) professes to give "simple verses for every Sunday and Holy Day in the Christian year." As a matter of fact, none of the Black Letter festivals are noticed, and the verses are of a very low order.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE Brush system of electric lighting has lately been adopted in the sorting room of the General Post Office. In this department of that busy hive the newspapers and circulars—which now form such a large part of the postman's burden—are sorted according to their various destinations, and about four hundred persons are engaged in the work. Sixteen Brush lamps—each affording a light of 2,000 candles—have replaced 400 gas jets—with the results that the labour of reading the addresses on the wrappers is much facilitated—and the temperature of the room is reduced by ten degrees.

The proposed Channel Tunnel works continue to progress in a most satisfactory manner—giving every hope that the bold scheme of uniting two countries by such a novel roadway can be brought to a successful conclusion. The boring at Abbot's Cliff, which now extends about 350 yards, is drilled by one of Col. Beaumont's compressed air engines, which pierces the chalk at the rate of fifteen inches per hour. Good ventilation in the heading is maintained by means of the spent air from the engine.

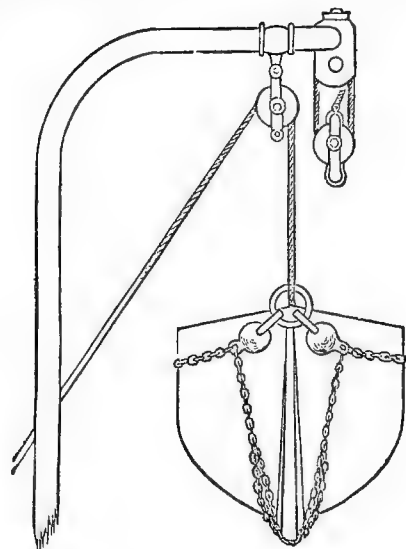
Dr. Boudet, of New York, has suggested a plan for obtaining automatic records from the telephone. The diaphragm is removed, and is replaced by a flexible arm which operates—as in the case of many other recording instruments—upon a surface of smoked paper. The points of difference and resemblance detected in the markings so obtained between the various sounds lead Dr. Boudet to hope that the records can be deciphered.

Experiments are shortly to be commenced with a new system of signalling by means of balloons, which has been devised by the veteran aeronaut Coxwell. It is intended to use twin balloons—which by dips and other movements will signal by means of a pre-arranged code. The system is to be used in cases where the telegraph is not available, and where want of sunshine prevents the employment of the heliograph. By means of pyrotechnic aid signalling will be possible by night as well as by day.

Mr. Anderson has lately published some curious statistics respecting deaths from lightning in Italy for the past sixteen years. These amount to no fewer than 1,906—the most noticeable feature in connection with the figures is the preponderance of accidents during one particular year, namely, 1868, when the deaths were 237, nearly double the average of other years. The recent accident at a Board School in Southwark reminds us that we in England are liable to such disasters, and also that too many of our public buildings are not protected with conductors.

The conversion into steel of common kinds of iron by means of the Thomas-Gilchrist dephosphorisation process, which has met with such success in this country, will, it is stated, not be worked in America. The Bessemer Works there have purchased the sole right to use the process, but prefer to suppress it rather than to go to the expense of altering their existing plant.

Mr. W. C. W. Panter, of Boscawen, Cornwall, has suggested a new mode of lowering ships-boats which seems to have the advantage of celerity, as well as simplicity. The moment the boat strikes the water it is free to float, the gear being so adjusted that there is no fastening which requires detaching. The accompanying diagram



will explain how the boat is supported in a kind of chain cage; when it reaches the surface of the water this cage sinks by its own weight below the keel and the boat is free. Mr. Panter also adopts a new pattern of davits, which seems to embody some advantages over the older forms.

A proposal is under discussion by the American Association to invite the British Association to hold its meeting in 1883 on the other side of the Atlantic. We trust that the happy idea may be carried out, for we are sure that the conjunction of the two Societies would be beneficial to the interests of both countries.

The success of the electrical railway at Berlin has been established, and a speed of eighteen miles per hour has been attained. In the mean time Edison's British patent for an electro-magnetic railway has been published. One of the principal features in the latter is the employment of magnets on the locomotive, which exert an attractive force on the rails, thus adding to the power of the driving-wheels.

The new Eddystone Lighthouse will probably be finished some months before the time specified in the contract. The last coping-stone has been laid by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. The light will be 150 feet above high-water mark, and it is calculated that it will have a range of nineteen geographical miles. The contractors are Messrs. Shearer and Co., of 20, Great George Street, Westminster.

The Japanese seamen have a clever way of estimating their distance from land in foggy weather. They blow their steam whistle, and calculate the distance from the time which elapses before the echo of it reaches their ears. Professors Ayrton and Perry, acting upon this hint, have suggested that by use of a vibrating reed sunk some feet below water, in the region of eternal calm, its echo might be made evident by applying the ear to a wooden surface dipped into the water. By like means the velocity of sound in water was determined many years ago by experiments on the Lake of Geneva, an account of which may be found in most physical text-books. The idea seems to be worthy of consideration.

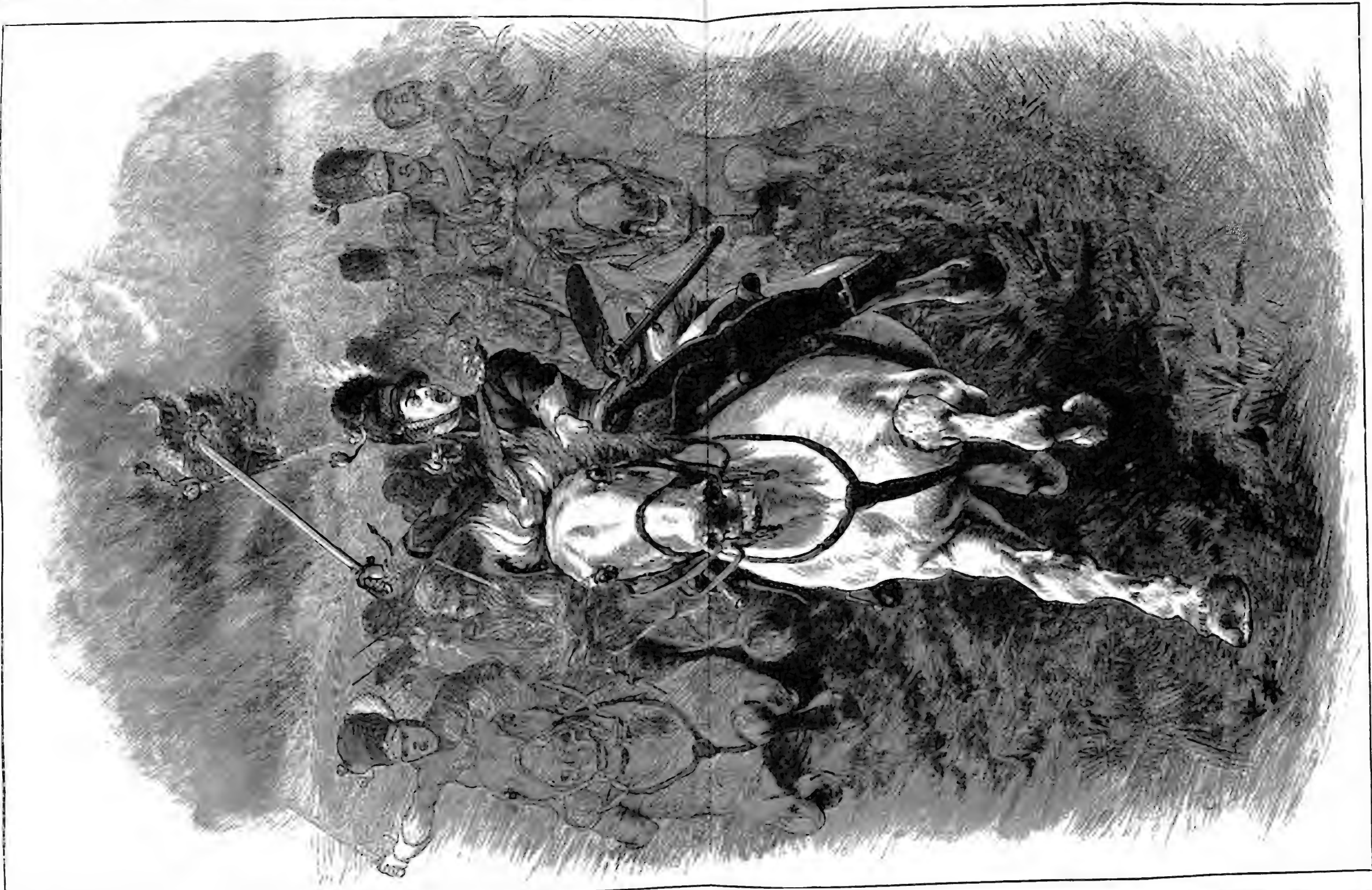
A gentleman in Baker Street, Portman Square, has established a garden on his housetop which bids fair to rival those situated on *terra firma*. His French beans and cucumbers are flourishing, and an excellent crop of strawberries shows no sign of being reared in such close proximity to London chimney-pots.

The last new discovery reported from America is that of a well containing jet black oil, having, as far as is at present ascertained, all the properties of coal tar. It is believed that the liquid can be usefully employed in the preparation of lampblack, if not in the production of aniline dyes.

T. C. II.



UNDER the title of "A Reviser on the New Revision," Mr. Vance Smith in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century* criticises somewhat sharply, though with due regard for the not-to-be-divulged secrets of the Conference Chamber, many needless and a few important changes in his colleagues' work—most notably among the latter the stronger "personal turn" gratuitously given to certain passages relating to the Holy Spirit, the "deliver us from the Evil One" of the Revised Lord's Prayer, and the new rendering "hell of fire," where the proper name "Gehenna" might as legitimately have been introduced as "Hades" has been in other places to express the abode of spirits *not* in torture. Respect for the early Fathers and the desire to adopt in doubtful passages the interpretation which would most have commended itself to them had more weight, we are led to infer, with the majority, than the doubts



"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"

A PORTION OF THE PICTURE BY MRS. BUTLER (MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON) EXHIBITED IN THE EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY, BY MESSRS. S. HILDESHEIMER AND CO., LONDON, MANCHESTER, AND NEW YORK

weight, we are led to infer, with the majority, than the doubts and difficulties of more recent critics.—Of the two inevitable articles on "Ireland," Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's "Duke of Argyll and the Land Bill" is chiefly curious for the opposite conclusions which two Liberals *sans reproche* can draw from almost identical premisses—the reports, *i.e.*, of the Richmond and Bessborough Commissions. Although much more eager, however, than the Duke to protect tenants, Mr. Lefevre argues very forcibly that any sweeping measure for their conversion into owners by aid of a State loan would end in the expropriation of all the land-lord class—who have no demesne lands here, as in Germany and Russia—and the reduction of the whole country to one "dead-level of small owners," while capital would be more than ever drained away, since all the rents would be spent for many years in paying interest upon the loan.—Mr. Matthew Arnold's subtle irony makes the last chapter of his "Incompatibles" as amusing—shall we add as unconvincing?—as the first. But are our middle-class Murdstones, Quinons, and Creakles—if we must borrow nicknames from Charles Dickens—so much more unamiable in their practices than other folk? Do Germans attract Danes and Poles and Czechs, or are Frenchmen much beloved by Arabs and Polynesians? Or is it not that we hear little of "incompatibilities" abroad because the stronger partner very effectively puts down incompatible tendencies as fast as they develop themselves?—A charming paper on "Carlyle's Reminiscences," by the veteran Sir Henry Taylor, may teach even strangers to Carlyle to understand how really unimportant were his gloom and contradictoriness and dangerous gift of barbed and winged words in comparison "with the great and enduring love and genial sympathies and admirations of which he was capable."

Friend and foe have each a farewell word for the late Tory chief in the *Contemporary*—Mr. Alfred Austin in some not very striking verses, "At His Grave;" "Shirley," in graceful prose, inspired throughout with such fervid admiration as almost to make one doubt whether it was not a mistake of the post which lodged "A Last Word on Disraeli" with Messrs. Strahan and not with Messrs. Blackwood; Mr. MacColl, in a spirit of somewhat captious criticism, though professedly endeavouring (not always with complete success) to discriminate between the man and the politician. After all, perhaps, the eulogists have the best of it. It is impossible in the teeth of Continental opinion to describe Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy—and it is by his foreign policy that posterity will judge him—as nothing more than "brag and bluster," and certainly unfair to say of him in this matter that "he made self-aggrandisement the one aim of his life." At the least, it was an honourable dream, his attempt to revive the England of Addington and Pitt.—A valuable paper on "Ferdinand Lassalle" gives an excellent account of the public career of the clever founder of Socialism in Germany, with as little admixture as need be of the wretched scandals of his private life.

The *Fortnightly* is very bright and readable. "English Horses, Part II.," by Sir F. Doyle—a delightful survey of old turf days by one who has seen with his own eyes Mulatto wear down Fleur-de-Lis, and heard from eye-witnesses of the historic contests between Dinnont and Catton, and between Diamond and Hambletonian—seems to prove (if time-tests are worth anything) that the "stayers" of former days were faster too—for anything over a mile-and-a-quarter course—than our modern "flyers," and that breeders must set to work afresh and rear horses for other ends than as mere instruments of "gambling," if they would restore the stoutness of the race.—"Visions of Sane Persons," by Francis Galton, is a most interesting account of illusions of sight and hearing, much more common in the world than is generally known, and often quite consistent with normal health, though decidedly dangerous, we should say, to select as subjects for experiments on self.—"An Irish Conservative's View of the Land Bill" is an able examination of the points especially to be safeguarded if the measure is to be both just and final. Miss Charlotte O'Brien passionately rejects the "Emigration and Waste Land Clauses" as they stand, and contemplates instead the conversion of labourers into landed proprietors by the compulsory purchase of waste lands which should then be "arterially drained" and sold in various-sized lots, under the Act, to the men who had been employed in the work of reclamation.

Per contra, a characteristically vigorous article in *Macmillan*, by Mr. Bence Jones, abjures alike artificially created peasant owners, tenant right, and all that savours of protection. Much good, he thinks, may come from extensive emigration, and some from compulsory draining of waste lands—not, however, for parceling out into labourers' allotments afterwards. But to do more than this is retrograde and unsound. In short, the Irish question in his eyes is hardly an economic question at all, but purely one of social order and honest dealing.—"Wit and Humour of Lord Beaconsfield," an unpretentious collection of "Dizzy's" good things said or written, is neatly put together.

Beyond a careful paper, explanatory rather than critical or apologetic, on the "Revised Version of the New Testament," by Dr. A. Roberts, one of the two representatives of the Scottish Church on the Committee, there is little specially attractive in this month's *Fraser*.—*Blackwood*, on the other hand, if nowhere up to its very highest mark, is thoroughly readable from first to last. The political article is perhaps a little tame, but "Beolco and the Commedia dell'Arte" is an interesting account of the rise and growth of those Italian folk plays of Arlecchino and Pantalone, which still hold their ground in quiet villages of Tuscany; the "Cruise of the *Coya*," a pleasant sketch of yacht-sailing upon the Norfolk "broads;" and the "Arsinoite Nome," an entertaining narrative of sight-seeing rambles in that district of the "Land of Ham" where Joseph played Vizier to the Shepherd Kings.

In his *Cornhill* "Romance of a Wayside Weed"—a bit of of hairy wood-spruce plucked on the downs near Bath—G. A. takes us in fancy back to times when there was one continuous coast line from Cape Finisterre to the Hebrides, and all along it, sheltered by inland ranges from the cold east winds, a vegetation only common now in Italy or Spain, though still lingering among us in rare and lessening survivals like this wood-spruce on Claverton Down, or the red peony on the neighbouring Steep Holme, or the Cheddar pink in a little valley of the Mendips.—"Among the Dictionaries" tells us quaintly how glosses or expositions first arose, and then a list of glosses or a glossary, and out of these the modern dictionary.

Change of venue from South London to Saxony by no means impairs, in *Temple Bar*, the liveliness of Mrs. Alexander's "Freres."—"Personal Reminiscences of Lord Stratford in the Crimean War" a paper rich in interesting anecdotes of the great "Elchi" and his masterful ways, and his still more cool and hardly less masterful Oriental Secretary, Mr. Alison; a second chapter of "Arab Humour" culled from the records of "the good old time," when all were wine-bibbers, from the Caliph to the porter, and the prompt jest or apt quotation secured at once forgiveness for the transgression; and a good article on "Richelieu," by Mr. W. H. Pollock, are all decidedly superior "padding."

"Charles Dickens in the Editor's Chair," a personal tribute to the kindly courtesy with which the great novelist was accustomed to receive the literary aspirant, and the yet more exceptional—almost paternal—care with which, if he found him worthy, he would help and guide him through his novice days—the one side of Dickens' many-sided life which has hardly till now been adequately dealt with—is much the most interesting paper in the *Gentleman's*.—Good, too, in another way is Mr. Bradley's etymological article, "Names of English Counties," though we know not whether he will induce many to give up the favourite derivation of Lincoln from "Lindum Colonia."

In the *North American* M. Desiré Charnay quits Palenque—a city, he concludes, not of royal buildings, but of oratories and temples, a religious centre, in fact, where pilgrims perpetually went and came, and thus a place which would naturally have dropped noiselessly out of history at the first coming of the Spanish conqueror.—Professor Morse, in his "Prehistoric Man in America," endorses Professor Whitney's view that man existed in America at least as far back as "the date of the European pliocene." The genuineness of the "Calaveras skull" is still upheld by the last-named Professor—Bret Harte and sceptic journalists notwithstanding.

Octave Thanet's "Indoor Pauper" gives readers of the *Atlantic* a painful impression of the fate of the infirm or the insane poor in almost all the States, excepting Massachusetts. Not that there is anything like wanton cruelty, but that ignorance, want of system, and want of means make kindly treatment equally impossible in the country almshouses, and in the outlying farms where paupers are sometimes "boarded-out" for cheapness. Altogether their condition, especially when insane, seems very much what it would have been some fifty years ago in unvisited districts of rural England.

A pleasant paper, "Along the North Shore of Long Island," gives *Scribner* ample scope for pretty illustrations of a comparatively old-world corner of the Eastern States.—But the gem of the number is Lieut. Kinney's "August Morning with Farragut"—a narrative of the sea-fight in Mobile Bay, than which we have read few tales of war more wonderfully vivid.—This, and "A Rainy Day with Uncle Remus"—a chapter from Mr. J. C. Harris's delicious book of negro folk-lore; a further instalment of Mr. Cable's "Madame Delphine;" and a Sonnet, by the late Lord Beaconsfield—whether published before or not we quite forget—make up a list of somewhat exceptional interest.

Harper, too, finds congenial employment for its artists in Mr. Drake's picturesque rambles among the famous "White Mountains" of New Hampshire.—"Ballads and Ballad Music Illustrating Shakespeare" is a captivating excursion into an antiquarian field which might easily be made to yield an even more abundant harvest.

In the *St. James's* Mr. Forbes Robertson's pretty story, "Katharine Johnston," reaches a happy termination, whilst there is much interest in a bright and quaintly written paper, "The French Amongst Us." The chief feature of the number, however, is the poetry, which is a good deal above the average, "Anchises," indeed, is a very striking piece of blank verse, of much more than ordinary merit.

Household Words, Part I.—not quite our own old *Household Words*, but a very tolerable resuscitation under a double editorship; half stories, nearly as good as those of thirty years ago, half recipes of every sort for gentle housekeepers, with acrostics, puzzles, &c., for young folk; *All the Year Round* as vigorous as ever with one specially readable paper upon "Almack's;" *Chambers*, with a good and true story of the sea; *Our Times*, No. 2, and *The Theatre*, both with opportune notices of the Meiningen troupe; *The Victorian* for April, with its usual store of instructive articles on Colonial subjects; and the *Calcutta Magazine* must be dismissed for lack of space with brief acknowledgement.



THE eighth volume of Guizot's "History of France from 1789 to 1848" (Sampson Low and Co.) completes the work. The last of its seventy-four engravings represents the fishing boat in which Louis Philippe got across to Newhaven; and its closing paragraphs express a not unnatural disgust that the Citizen King sneaked off without a single attempt to recover his crown, without even a protest against its being taken from him, and that "the edifice which was at last to shelter future generations," and of which the historian had been the master-builder, was so suddenly overthrown. The contrast between the middle of February, 1848, and the vigour of Louis Napoleon's *Coup d'Etat* wings from Guizot the remark that "weakness has a constraining power difficult to understand, which is not foreseen by those who give way to it." Guizot on Thiers is naturally interesting; so is the view taken by their contriver of those Spanish marriages of which we are told "they were not to exercise the influence attributed to them by the triumph of France and the dissatisfaction of England;" while, in the opening chapters, the fathomless duplicity of Napoleon, which changed Austria into one of his most resolute enemies, comes out with striking clearness. The eve of Waterloo is well described, much blame being laid on the Emperor for marring the success at Ligny. The volume is an exceptionally interesting one; while the work as a whole ought to be read by all who wish to really understand modern French history.

"Colonel Gordon in Central Africa" (De la Rue and Co.) is a singularly interesting book. Most of us know something about "the ever-victorious army," and how, when the Taepings held Nanking and the South, and having sacked Soochow and Hangchow, were threatening Shanghai, and Ward was killed and Burgevine proved worthless, General Staveley chose Major Gordon for a work in which he was so successful that the Chinese Government made him a Mandarin of the highest order, and also a Ti-Tu (generalissimo) privileged to wear a yellow riding-jacket and a peacock's feather. This was in 1864; nine years afterwards Nubar Pasha persuaded Gordon to take Sir S. Baker's place as Governor-General of the Provinces of the Equator. His aim, as also that of our Government in allowing him to go, was to stop the very destructive form of slavery which was turning long stretches of once well-inhabited country into forest; but at the very outset he had reason to believe the appointment was a sham, on Nubar's part if not on the Khedive's, to throw dust in the eyes of the English people. How he worked "with a mob of wretched undisciplined soldiers, women, and children," how he was looked to for everything, even to the mending of a musical box (which he did), how he kept fairly well in stations so sickly that nearly all his Arabs fell ill, is told in a series of between three and four hundred journal letters, to which Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill has wisely added nothing of his own. Gordon is left to tell his own story; and the result is a book as different as possible from most books on Africa. We are admitted direct to the workings of a mind of no common order; and it is this which gives the work its special value. The circumstances of its publication are as strange as the mystery (explained in a note to the last chapter about Lord Ripon's Secretaryship. Colonel Gordon never saw nor wrote to Dr. Hill while the book was in preparation; he would not even look at the MS. or correct the Press. Dr. Hill has published scarcely a tenth of what was put into his hands; from the raciness of what he gives we can fancy what was the flavour of the rest. Besides the dealings with the slave-catchers, he gives us something about Colonel Gordon's religious faith—startlingly unorthodox, yet very real—and real faith was needed to support a man in such thankless work, and in a climate where he hated to eat, and was "nearly always nauseated, not ill, but with a feeling of sickness." Everybody who cares to know the truth about the inland African slave-trade ought to read the book.

Mrs. Power O'Donoghue's "Ladies on Horseback" (Allan and Co., Waterloo Place) first appeared in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and was, she tells us, so successful that numerous friends competed for the copyright. It quite deserved its

success, for it is thoroughly practical, dealing with learning, park-riding, hunting, and costume, and is written in a style that is sure to win readers. Mrs. O'Donoghue has wisely published a good deal of the correspondence about the rowel-spur, cooked food for horses, &c., which her papers called forth. To these she adds a few answers to inquiries how the Empress of Austria was dressed, and how she looked in the hunting-field, &c. She points out in a lively chapter on hunting in Ireland the ruinous policy of the Land League in opposing hunting, and shows that the grass is always better when the ground has been well galloped over. Abolish hunting, and absenteeism would be increased a hundredfold. On the other hand, she is justly severe on the total disregard shown by too many of her countrymen and women for the feelings of the poor. "It is worth a little self-sacrifice to see the undisguised enjoyment of the peasantry at a sight of the hounds especially when followed by ladies." Captain Dash, who knocks into the river and gallops over a poor bystander without a word or even a look of apology, amid the loud laughter of the beauty of the meet, belongs to a very unlovely class which is answerable for a good deal of Irish disaffection. We heartily recommend the book.

The veteran Dr. Brewer has proved himself as good a school-historian as he is a scholars' "guide to science." His "History of Germany" (De la Rue) is just the book to interest young people, and contains withal a vast amount of well-selected information for older readers. He has realised, what few of us are aware of, the exceeding picturesqueness of German history; as he truly says, "no other is so suggestive or dramatic," and he rises to the level of his subject, giving of the battle of Lech, and the outlawry of Frederic II., and the trial of Huss, and the death of Gustavus Adolphus, descriptions as stirring as that which he gives of Dettingen. The literature of every century is fully and carefully dealt with, and there are numerous genealogical and other tables. The book is sure to be useful in the library as well as the school. Dr. Brewer acknowledges a few *errata*; surely he ought to have added *Leignitz* to them.

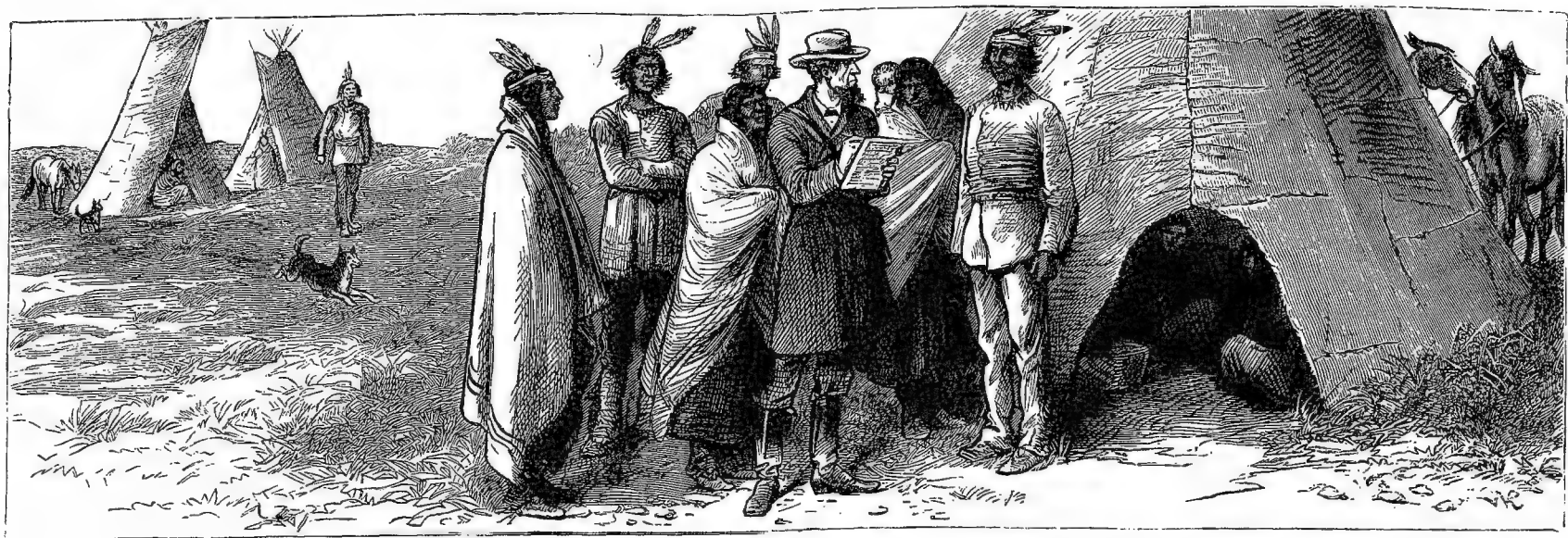
The Rev. B. W. Savile has undertaken to tell "How India was Won by England" (Hodder and Stoughton); and in telling this he has taken care to show us his own political sympathies. He cannot find words strong enough to denounce the "miserable policy" of the late Government, and "the folly of the scientific frontier." He drags in the Turkish atrocities, takes up the "bag and baggage" cry, and quotes General Grant to the effect that "as I understand the Eastern Question the great obstacle to a good arrangement is England... the Russian side is the true one." The *Saturday Review*, or *Reverie*, as he styles it, falls also under his ban because it objected to the wording of the Queen's proclamation when she superseded the East India Company. Nor is he more tolerant in religion than in politics; Ritualism is his abomination, and he actually quotes the gossip of the Bombay press about a clergyman laming himself by running for penance barefoot over a stubble-field. Such a man is sure to be a strong partisan; and his being an old Westminster boy makes him enthusiastic for Warren Hastings, to whose treatment of Nuncumar and Cheyt Sing he is even more lenient than Macaulay. That Hastings fought in the ranks at Plassey he attributes to his Westminster training; and he tells of a fight between himself and Milman, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, though it does not appear that either of these later combatants ever shouldered a musket. The earlier history of the Company is well sketched; few of us know that in 1654 the disputes between the English and Dutch Companies were submitted to the arbitration of the Swiss cantons.

Among "Men Worth Remembering: Thomas Chalmers, D.D." (Hodder and Stoughton) is not in danger of being forgotten. He was, in Dr. Donald Frazer's words, "a man of the first class, one of the living powers of his generation;" and this epitome of Hanna's memoirs is a worthy addition to a series which the publishers characterise as "Catholic and popular." Dr. Frazer is not a lively writer; but he puts Chalmers fairly before us from his entry as a boy-undergraduate at St. Andrew's to his sustentation work for the Free Kirk and his energetic and well-organised attack on the poverty of the Edinburgh West Port. Chalmers was by no means a mere preacher; his social and philanthropic schemes were practical and vigorously carried out, and in the present unsatisfactory state of Poor Law relief his method at Glasgow and Edinburgh certainly deserves more attention than it has received. Even Charles Lamb could not have denied him a strong sense of humour; and, though no one would call him an original thinker, his pulpit power was such that the people "daur na hoast (cough) till he let them." He strangely combined great ardour of speech with coolness of head. It is remarkable that the great Free Kirk champion should, by his Hanover Square Lectures of 1838, have led Anglican dignitaries to think that he was a thorough-paced Church-and-State man.

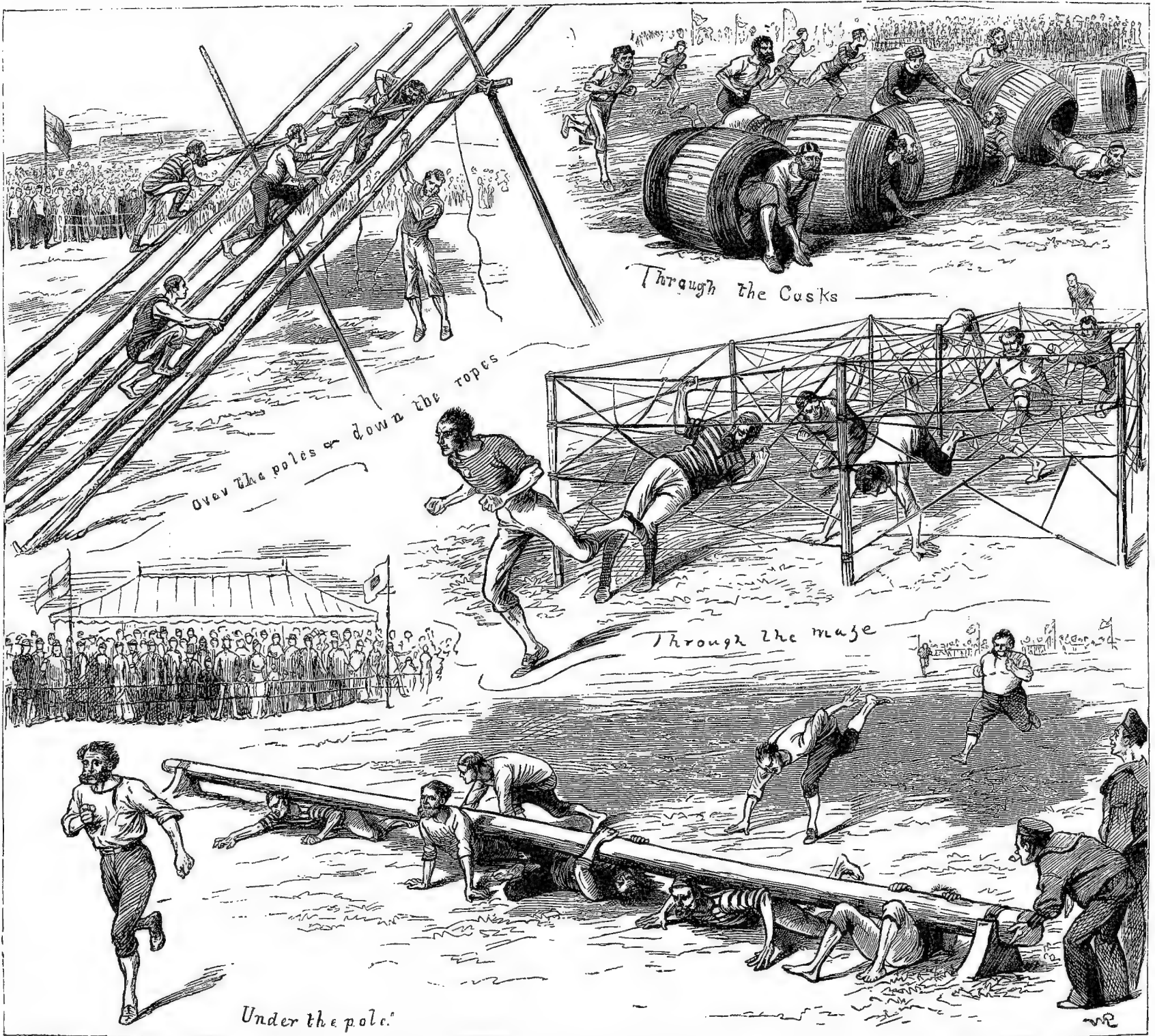
"The Mayfair Library" is an odd mixture, containing "Clerical Anecdotes" and "Puniana," as well as "Joshua Davidson" and "The New Republic." But readers like variety; and we can believe that "Dickens's Speeches" will readily go down after a dose of "Gastronomy as a Fine Art." But why reprint "The Agony Column of *The Times*" (Chatto and Windus), except to prove that we are no wiser than our grandfathers? And why, beginning at 1800, stop ten years ago, instead of coming down to our own day? Miss Clay believes that agony advertisements are *bona fide*, not even mentioning the opinion held by many that they are the medium whereby burglars, members of "the long firm," and such like gentry keep one another *au courant* of schemes planned or in progress. It seems to have amused her to decipher the different alphabets; but there are surely pleasanter ways of playing at cipher-writing than by wading through old newspaper-files. What purpose the book serves we cannot possibly see; for parents and guardians need not come to Miss Clay to learn that with patience any transposed alphabet can be made out; while such an order as "Give the baboon a biscuit" can only be understood by those who have the key. We hope the printer is answerable for misprints, such as *hand obliuiscendum*.

"My Start in Life" (S. Low and Co.), consists of a young "middy's" letters, from the time when he started in the Flying Squadron after leaving the *Britannia* training-ship. These, his father thinks, will be interesting to others besides would-be "middies;" and they certainly show much power of observation, while their freshness of style makes them very pleasant reading. The "middy" thinks everything in China is going to rack and ruin; he is indignant that Sydney should surpass London in the ruffianliness of its "larikins;" a mechi-mechi in Fiji he praises as the *ne plus ultra* of dreamy enjoyment, while a Samoan hour-la-hour-la is fully as enjoyable though more exciting. He pronounces people of Christchurch, New Zealand, "thoroughly English, such as you don't find elsewhere in the colonies;" and he ends his last letter by *naively* remarking "if you are really going to publish, will you write a preface?" "Middies" seem to have a very pleasant life of it, though cricket in Grenada with the tropical sun overhead reminds us of Mr. Jingle's experiences. The book is sure to delight boys, at any rate; and if it teaches them to send home plain, good, readable accounts of what they see, parents and sisters will be glad that it was published.

Vols. V. and VI. of the *édition de luxe* of Charles Dickens' Works (published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and printed by Messrs. K. Clay, Sons, and Taylor), have now been issued. These volumes contain respectively, "Sketches by Boz" and "Oliver Twist," and are especially interesting, the accompanying drawings being by George Cruikshank, Dickens's most sympathetic illustrator. The plates are admirably printed, and prove the wondrous energy and vitality of the artist, when he had a theme worthy of his pencil.



TAKING THE CENSUS IN MANITOBA—AN ENUMERATOR AMONGST THE CREES



THE FLEET ATHLETIC SPORTS AT MALTA—INCIDENTS IN THE "OBSTACLE" RACE



THE RECENT REVOLT IN THE TRANSVAAL—BRITISH REFUGEES
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP

DON PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA
Born 1601; Died 1681



THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION
THE CALDERON BICENTENARY AT MADRID



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—As political circles in Constantinople are enjoying a temporary calm after the stormy time which attended the Greek frontier negotiations, the chief interest has been centred in the various Princedoms, which are all showing more or less restlessness. In BULGARIA the agitation against Prince Alexander is on the increase. The Bulgarian Exarch and various deputations have interviewed him with doubtful success. The question of the Prince's abdication is widely discussed, and various names are mentioned for his successor, the chief of which are those of Prince Waldemar of Denmark; Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff, the Governor of Bulgaria when the Constitution was promulgated; and General Ignatieff, whose name was confidently mentioned by many before Prince Alexander was proclaimed. In the mean time the Prince is said not to be disheartened by the opposition he is encountering, and is making tour of his dominions, manifestly with a view to securing a majority in his favour when the critical moment comes. He has, however, taken the precaution to place the country in a state of siege.

In SERBIA the old agitation in favour of converting the Principality into a Monarchy has been revived by the recent coronation of Prince Charles as King of Roumania; and Prince Milan, following the latter's example, is making a tour through Europe, evidently with the idea of sounding the various Powers on the subject. He is now at Berlin, having visited Vienna by the way. He closed the Skupchina last week with a speech congratulating the Deputies on the work which had been achieved, and upon the abolition of the capitulations, that last vestige of Servian vassalage, and announced his forthcoming journey "with the object of promoting the interests of the Principality."

In ROUMANIA, the excitement attending the coronation festivities having subsided, the present "burning question" is the proposed Danube Navigation Convention, on which the views of Roumania are opposed to those of the European Commission. In EASTERN ROUMANIA Aleko Pasha has once more resigned, this time on the score of ill-health.

FRANCE.—The *Scrutin de liste* Bill still continues the chief political topic, but though the Senatorial Committee last week reported dead against the measure, it is not in any way considered likely that the Senate will venture to reject it altogether, although it is probable that the Bill may be sent down to the Lower House in an amended form. The Whitsuntide holidays, however, this week have somewhat taken the edge off political topics, and there is very little actual news save from Algeria, where on Saturday the insurgents surprised a detachment of the Telegraphic Corps, under Brigadier Bringard, who was killed, together with eight of his men, between Frandah and Geryville. The movement is now acknowledged to be of a more serious character than was at first thought, and is rendered even worse by the fact that the native levies (formed of men requisitioned from the various villages) are by no means to be depended upon when engaged against their compatriots. The authorities are now straining every nerve to restore order, and four columns of troops have been despatched to surround M. Bringard's assailants. In Tunis M. Séguin's murderers have been duly court-martialled and executed, and all is now quiet and peaceable in the Beydom. The Heir Apparent has at last visited M. Roustan, and a Tunisian mission, headed by Mustapha, the Prime Minister, has been despatched to Paris.

Paris has been mourning the death of M. Littré, who died last week at the age of eighty, and was buried on Saturday at Mont Parnasse. Although the family, who are eminently orthodox, had expressly requested that no speeches should be made over the grave, there were several orations delivered in favour of Free-thought, amid a most unseemly uproar.—There have been an unprecedented number of English visitors this Whitsuntide, and many are staying for the Grand Prix, which is to be run on Sunday, and which is generally regarded as the closing event of the Parisian fashionable season. Next week the exodus to the country and the seaside will begin, and the French capital be left to politicians and to tourists.—There is little stirring in theatrical circles. The Français has been, as usual, celebrating the anniversary of Corneille, and there has been a new comedy produced at the Vaudeville, *Le Voyage d'Argent*, by MM. Edmond Gondinet and Alexandre Bisson. M. Vieuxtemps, the celebrated violinist, has died; and the only other incident of note is the attempted suicide of a young man who called himself the Comte d'Aulnoye, but whose real name was Gabriel de Labry, in a box at the Opera, where he shot himself repeatedly with a revolver. He does not appear, however, to have seriously injured himself, and seems to be of weak intellect, having recently amused himself by obtaining autographs from celebrated men under numerous false pretexts.

RUSSIA.—The Socialist agitation shows no signs of decrease, and the Czar is maintaining a stricter seclusion than ever. He has paid a few fugitive visits to St. Petersburg, but chiefly remains at Gatchina, where all strangers arriving at the railway station are at once watched by the police, and on approaching the Palace are asked their business, and escorted by officers of the police force to their destination. The neighbourhood is strictly guarded, and a Cossack even recently stopped two of the young Grand Dukes, and threatened to spear them if they advanced. One visitor who went to see an official at the castle describes the inside as being patrolled by soldiers with drawn swords, while every one whose business calls him to the Palace is carefully searched before admittance, even the priests of the Imperial Chapel being subjected to this scrutiny. It is stated that the Czar will shortly go to Peterhoff, where equal precautions will be taken. The famous "Third Section" is being reorganised by M. Plome under the title of "State Police," a corps of agents has been organised to watch the frontier, and a detachment of spies has been despatched abroad to the various headquarters of the Socialist conspirators. The latter are as energetic as ever, and have presented the Czar with yet another manifesto, informing him in polite language that he has been condemned to death. Almost simultaneously with this a plot to assassinate the Czar has been discovered by a Lieutenant-Colonel of Police, who hid himself under the bed of a room where the conspirators were laying their plans. As soon as they had finished he summoned his men by firing a pistol, and the whole band were arrested. A dynamite mine has also been discovered under the railway line in the Gatchina Station. What is still more serious even than the existence of these plots is the number of naval and military officers who have been arrested, as it is now manifest that considerable discontent is springing up in both forces.

Considerable speculation has been aroused by the manner in which General Skobelev, fresh from a victorious campaign, has been cold-shouldered, not even an Imperial rescript having been issued acknowledging his services. The Czar, however, has shown no want of alacrity in availing himself of the result of the campaign, and he received the Tekke chiefs with great politeness, presenting Tykmi Sirdar, the recent Tekke commander, with a major's epaulettes, a sword, and a gold watch and chain. He asked the Member from Merv the object of his visit, and was told that "he had come to see the White Czar, and to report to his brethren, who were desirous of Russia's protection."

The agitation against the Jews is subsiding, and the trial at Kieff has resulted in some very heavy sentences upon the agitators.

ITALY.—A bombshell has fallen in the Vatican camp in the form of a pamphlet, by Father Curci, in which he blames the misplaced zeal of the Extreme Catholic party, as tending to maintain the antagonism against the Church in Italy. He declares that the restoration of the Papal temporal power is impossible, and that, even were it possible, it would be productive of harm in the midst of the democracies of modern times. He exhorts all Italians to take part in political elections, so as "to introduce Christian ideas into the legislation." This publication has created great excitement in Clerical circles, some insisting that the book ought to be placed in the "Index Expurgatorius," others admitting that it is unfortunately there no lack of reason in Father Curci's arguments.

Sunday was the Fête of the Statute, and was duly celebrated at Rome. The troops were reviewed by the King, the city was illuminated, and the celebrated girandola of fireworks were let off from the Castle of St. Angelo. Political circles are more quiet, and Signor Depretis and his new Ministry appear to be getting on as well as could be expected.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—According to the latest reports Ayob is encamped outside Herat in considerable force, but is stated to be very pressed for money. His Generals, Hashim and Hassan Khan, were totally defeated on the 3rd inst. by Abdurrahman's General, Sirdar Gul Mahomed, near Girishk, their troops, it is stated, being dispersed with heavy loss. Abdurrahman himself is stated to be on his way to Candahar. The sooner he arrives on the scene of action the better, as his officers are already quarrelling amongst themselves, and the Durani chiefs, though at present perfectly quiescent, are watching the course of events with keen interest, in order to throw in their sword with the stronger side.

A robbery of 30,000 rupees has been committed at the Treasury at Lahore, and the guard of the 24th N.I. are suspected of the crime, as the bags could be reached by a bayonet through a drain opening.—The King of the Sandwich Islands has visited Calcutta, on his way to Bombay, whence he will embark for Europe.

UNITED STATES.—The dead-lock in the Senate still continues respecting the election of a new Senator to the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Conkling. That gentleman, however, is receiving a diminished number of votes for his re-election.—M. de Lesseps' Panama Railway Company have bought the Panama Railway, at a cost of some nearly 4,000,000l.—The lager brewers of New York have struck for shorter hours and no Sunday work.

THE TRANSVAAL.—As the Commissioners are travelling to Pretoria there is no further news of importance regarding the negotiations, save that it appears that the object of John Dunn's interview with the Commissioners was to insist upon the occupation by the British of a zone of territory between Zululand and the Transvaal. If this is not done, or unless we re-arm the Zulus, Mr. Dunn believes that a Boer invasion of Zululand is certain. He thinks that the Boer leaders are earnest in their wish for peace, but that they have no control over their followers. On their way the Commissioners stopped at Newcastle to hear further evidence—one man claiming a sum of 65,000l. as compensation. Such delicate but all important subjects as protection for the natives and the cession of territory have not, it is said, yet been discussed by the Commissioners, who have postponed these burning questions until they reach Pretoria.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In GERMANY Prince Bismarck is again indisposed, but has received Prince Gortschakoff, who passed through Berlin on his way to St. Petersburg.—In AUSTRIA a great sensation has been caused by the suicide of Field-Marshal Uchatius, one of the most popular Austrian generals, and inventor of the well-known steel-bronze. One reason for the act is said to have been that as his invention had not withstood certain tests, the Government had informed him that in all probability a number of guns which had been ordered from him would have to be obtained from abroad.—SPAIN has been startled by a statement that Don Carlos has been to Biarritz, and has been holding a conference with the leaders of his party with the view of actively agitating during the forthcoming general elections.—From AUSTRALIA we have more details of the seizure at Melbourne of the steamer *India* formerly the *Ferret*, which was stolen from Glasgow last February. It appears that she shipped a crew at Cardiff, and proceeded to Brazil, where she took in a cargo of coffee. Changing her name twice she sailed for the Cape, where her cargo was sold for 13,000l. Thence she proceeded to the Mauritius, and afterwards to Albany and Melbourne, where an endeavour was made to sell her. The crew declare that they were forced to keep silence by threats. Her papers were forged, and her reputed owner and captain have disappeared.



THE Queen remains in the Highlands with the Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and the two Princesses of Hesse. Her Majesty will, however, return to Windsor in about ten days' time. Meanwhile the Queen and the Royal Family have been taking their usual walks and drives, the Princesses also going out riding together, while Lord Carlisle has several times dined with Her Majesty. On Sunday the Queen, with the Princesses and Prince Leopold, attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, where the Rev. J. Barclay officiated.

The Prince of Wales, on Saturday night, presided at the annual dinner of the officers of the 1st Life Guards, of which regiment he is Colonel-in-Chief. On Monday the Prince went down to Bayham Abbey, and lunched with the Marchioness of Camden and Captain Philip Green, being afterwards present at the Marchioness's garden party. Returning subsequently to town, he accompanied the Princess to Drury Lane Theatre. Next day the Prince visited the Marquis of Abergavenny at Eridge Castle, passing through Tunbridge Wells, which was gaily decorated, and which presented him with an address. After luncheon with the Marquis the Prince inspected the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society's Show, where his visit was greatly spoiled by the rain, and later returned to town, going in the evening, with the Princess, to the French plays at the Gaiety Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince witnessed the yawl match of the Thames Yacht Club from Mr. Pearce's steam-yacht, *Torfrida*, and in the afternoon went with the Princess and their daughters to the Old English Fayre at the Albert Hall. In the evening the Prince and Princess dined with Sir William Vernon and Lady Harcourt. On Thursday the Prince went down to Great Yarmouth, to inspect the Norfolk Artillery Militia, of which he is Colonel. To-night he dines with Earl Cadogan.

The Duke of Edinburgh concluded his tour of inspection of the Naval Reserve and Coastguard Stations at the end of last week, and returned with the Duchess to Eastwell Park.—Princess Louise, on Tuesday, visited Miss Rye's Emigration Home, and in the evening went to the Royal Italian Opera.—The Marquis of Lorne will probably come to England for a short holiday this autumn.—Prince Leopold has sent 5l. to the funds of the Hackney and Homerton Working Men's Club and Reading Rooms.—The marriage of the Crown Prince of Sweden is now definitely fixed for Sept. 30th.



THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.—Lord Selborne, in reply to the Bishop of Lincoln, says that he agrees generally with him that any clergyman who ventures to read in his church the Lessons appointed from the "Revised" Version before it has been recommended and authorised by some sufficient public authority will incur a serious risk of being held to be an offender against the law. He thinks it most probable that the received version was "authorised" by an Order in Council; and if so, the absence of documentary record would be explained by the fact that the Council books and registers from the year 1600 to 1613 were destroyed by a fire at Whitehall in 1618. Nothing is less likely than that the King's printer would have taken upon himself to announce that the book was appointed to be read in churches without authority. He considers that the question is practically decided by the reception, understanding, and use for more than 200 years of the version of 1611; and though there may be other arguments which he does not know, or has not considered, he thinks it sufficient to point out the fallacy of the assumption (if there are any who make it) that the English Bible of 1611 is to be regarded as without authority unless some Royal injunction, proclamation, or order appointing it to be read in churches can be produced. Other letters on the same subject have also been published, among which is one from Bishop Jenner, Vicar of Preston Sandwich, who says that as a matter of fact the version now read in our churches is not identical with that "authorised" in 1611, there being innumerable orthographical and other variations (whether important or not is not the question) for which some definite "authority" ought surely to be producible. He suggests that the present is a good opportunity for clearing up the uncertainties respecting the Sacred Volume as we now use it, and asks whether the Queen's printer can inform us whether any Bibles are now printed with the marginal references as they stood in the 1611 Book, of whose "authority" Lord Selborne seems to have so little doubt.

CO-OPERATION IN THE CHURCH.—The Bishop of Carlisle, preaching on Sunday at Leeds to the members of the Co-operative Congress, said that the principle of co-operation was too much forgotten in our churches. The individual duty of each minister to preach the Gospel, and by his preaching to save the souls of those committed to his charge, and the individual duty of each man to whom the Gospel was preached to listen to Christ's words and to accept His promises—that view of the duties of ministers and people, though quite good, was sometimes apt to throw into the shade the fact that our Lord founded the society of which they were members, and that they were bound by the very conditions of the society's incorporation to work together for their own edification and for the benefit of the world.

THE REV. T. PELHAM DALE, who has recently been inducted to the benefice of Saunthorpe, Lincolnshire, has written to the Bishop of London, saying that he was induced to give up the incumbency of St. Vedast, Foster Lane—first, on account of his health; and secondly, because he believes that in leaving that parish he is doing all in his power to promote peace, and diminish the tension of that crisis which is now upon the Church. He is strongly convinced, and he by no means stands alone in the conviction, that much more is really involved in this matter than the mere question as to a vestment or posture to be used in an obscure City church. The real point was, and still is, whether a section of the Evangelical party (so called) shall be able to force brethren to accept Zwinglian doctrine under the guise of Puritan ritual. Feeling that it was impossible for him to submit to this consistently with the Catholic faith, he had no alternative but passive resistance.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE IRISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH met in Dublin on Monday, and, on the motion of the ex-Moderator, appointed a Committee to prepare an address to the Throne, declaring their loyalty to the Queen, who was dear to them, and to the institutions under which they lived; and expressing their abhorrence of the loose, wild, and infectiously lawless speeches which were so dangerously frequent.

THE GENERAL BAPTIST ASSEMBLY held its annual meeting at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Tuesday, when there was a debate on "The Basis of Christian Church Fellowship;" and resolutions were adopted expressing approval of the Government policy in regard to Candahar and the Transvaal, and sympathy with their endeavour to abolish the last remnant of religious tests by amending the Parliamentary Oaths Act.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The hopes engendered by the debut of Madame Fursch-Madier have been further strengthened by her impersonation of Agatha in *Der Freischütz*. The pensive "Prize-maiden" is a character just suited to her. She looks and acts it to the life, while her vocal gifts find a happy medium for display in the music of her countryman, Weber, which she not only conceives in the right poetical spirit, but executes with invariable ease. The great soliloquy of the second act ("Softly sighs," &c.), and the *cavatina* in the first scene of the third, were conspicuous instances; but in the duets with Annchen (represented by Mdle. Guercia, a young and lively aspirant new to the boards) and the "ensembles" generally, she revealed the qualities of a true musician. Mr. Gye, in this lady, has made an acquisition of unquestionable worth. It must suffice to add that the Max and Caspar were again Signor Gayarre and M. Gailhard, that the solo in the "Chorus of Bridesmaids" was nicely given by Mdle. Velmi, and that M. Dauphin, as the Hermit, once more declared his competence and usefulness as second bass. The performance, conducted by Signor Beviniani, gave signs of evident care; the overture was applauded as usual, and there were two encores, one for Caspar's "Drinking Song," the other for the "Huntsmen's Chorus"—which may have reminded some present of the old time when, in-doors or out-doors, that cheering tune was ever within hearing.—One appearance as the heroine of *Il Trovatore* is annually expected from Madame Adelina Patti, and with reason, seeing that she has worked up the assumption to the highest degree of finish of which her art is capable. The remaining personages of Verdi's tragico-melodramatic work were represented, with one exception (Signor Nicolini), by the same artists as when, three weeks ago, the clever and versatile Madame Valleria, always prepared for an emergency and always an attraction for the audience, played Leonora. Another opera in which Madame Patti has been too seldom heard of recent years is Gounod's *Faust e Margherita*, the announcement of which on Tuesday filled the house to the roof. Margherita, among her happiest achievements. The other parts fell to Madame Trebelli (Siebel—encored in the interpolated air), Mdle. Ghiotti (Martha), Signor Nicolini (Faust), Signor Sante Athos (Valentine),

and M. Gailhard (Mephistopheles), M. Dupont directing what on the whole was a decidedly effective performance. *Il Seraglio* was the opera selected for Thursday, with Mesdames Semblich and Valleria as Costanza and Biondina, both of whom have exceptionally difficult music to execute. Something now rarely heard from the pen of Mozart, however, will not fail of a cordial reception from amateurs of genuine art. The *Demone* of Herr Rubinstein is postponed for a few days, in order, with extra rehearsal, to afford it a fairer chance of making the desired impression.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It may be strange, but it is true, that one of the operas most in favour at this house has long been *Il Flauto Magico*, with which M. Carvalho enjoys the credit of having charmed the jaded Parisians, first at the Théâtre Lyrique and then at the Opéra Comique. Mr. Mapleson has seldom been wanting in a "cast" more or less efficient for Mozart's fantastic and incessantly melodious opera (his last, by the way), and Saturday night formed no exception to the rule. Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, justly renowned for her execution of the two *bravura* airs assigned to the "Queen of Night," although the upper tones of her voice have no longer the firmness and brilliancy of by-gone days, still exhibited her old fire, and in the last movement especially of "Gli angeli d'inferno," showed once more her easy command of *staccato*, her fluency, and much of her true dramatic expression. The music of Pamina lies gratefully for the voice of Mdlle. Marie Rôze, who, both in the popular duet with Papageno (represented by Sig. Del Puente, with his accustomed vivacity), and the touchingly pathetic air, "Io lo so," made a sensible impression. The duet was encored, and the solo deservedly applauded. In the concerted pieces, too, Mdlle. Rôze, being an apt musician, rendered good service. Papageno had for his Papagena, Mdlle. Dotti; Tamino found in Sig. Lazzarini a singer with a more or less capable voice, and Sig. Rinaldini, as usual, made a good deal out of the nondescript Monastatos. Sarastro, the High Priest, was in the hands of Sig. Novara (Mr. Nash), whom we must know better to better appreciate, and the subordinates were competently filled. One of the three good Genii was Mdlle. Anna de Belocca, who took evident interest in her part, and one of the three ominous damsels in the dark train of Astrifammante was Mdlle. Tremelli, whose rich contralto tones aided materially in producing the intended result: the beautiful music assigned to the six ladies, which throws such a spell upon the scene whenever they appear, was more than creditably sung by all engaged in it. The performance generally, from the overture to the last chorus, was well balanced and effective, Sig. Arditi, who knows every note of the opera by heart, conducting with even more than his accustomed spirit and judgment. After a second appearance in *Faust*, we were allowed to hear Madame Christine Nilsson once again as Mignon, the heroine of M. Ambroise Thomas's most widely appreciated opera. What the accomplished Swedish artist does with this very original and engaging part, how poetically she conceives it, and how admirably develops and carries out her conception, opera-going readers need not be told. It was witnessed, as it has so often been witnessed, with unmeasured satisfaction, and applauded in accordance with its rare deserts. People, nevertheless, and those among Madame Nilsson's warmest admirers, look forward anxiously for the revival of Boito's *Mefistofele*, various as opinions unquestionably are with regard to the absolute claims of the work as a musical drama—in the Wagnerian sense of the phrase—those who do not trouble themselves about such chimerical deductions being satisfied to judge it for what it pretends to be. Mr. Maas, again the Wilhelm Meister, makes the best he can out of so grim and complacent a personage, his fine tenor voice giving full expression to the music set down for him. Mdlle. Lilli Lehmann is the excellent Filina we remember last year, and Mdlle. de Belocca as saucy, petulant, and dashing a Frederico as could be wished. Anyone who undertakes the dismal part of Lothario, the wandering harpist (Mignon's father), has to be pitied; but Signor Del Puente drags its slow length along, even in the last scene, with commendable perseverance. The chorus and orchestra were well up to the mark, Madame Cavalezzi's dancing in the incidental ballet was graceful and picturesque, and the opera as usual was received with applause throughout.

HERR RUBINSTEIN.—The appearance among us on the concert platform of Herr Anton Rubinstein, now that he has just concluded a month's tour in the country, and is about to produce an opera at Covent Garden, was only to be expected, and the first of four Recitals in St. James's Hall was attended by a large audience, in great part composed of pianists of all grades, fashionable amateurs, and a vast number of those who pretend to affect the "advanced school." That Herr Rubinstein belongs to the "advanced school" is as much a fact as that in his particular sphere he is far advanced before his co-religionists in art, the Abbe Liszt perhaps excepted, who cautiously stands apart, and lets his children fight the battle in his name but on their own account. Herr Rubinstein is now very much what he has been, so far as we know him, for the last twenty years, and comes forward with much the same programmes to which he has accustomed us in his successive visits to this country. Indeed for so distinguished a *virtuoso* his repertory, apart from his own compositions, is not over-extensive—compared indeed with that of his great rival, Hans von Bülow, who knows nearly everything, it is almost infinitesimal. On the present occasion, for instance, he played Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Mozart's Fantasia in C minor, and Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, besides a varied selection from Chopin, all of which, or nearly all, we had heard before on more than one occasion. His reading and execution of these seems to vary with his caprice. He plays Bach's music with stiff rigidity, as though to make it clear that what was written for the harpsichord or clavier could not accommodate itself to ampler means of expression; he plays Mozart's with affable condescension, and Beethoven's according to the impulse of the moment, sometimes as if Beethoven and oftener as if Herr Rubinstein was the composer. With Chopin it is much the same, though when in the humour, as more than once was happily the case at this Recital, he can interpret the melancholy Pole as no other of the present day can hope to do. In his own music, however, which is natural enough, he shines to the most brilliant advantage, and many would rather hear him "recite" one piece by Rubinstein than three by Beethoven or any other composer. About Herr Rubinstein's wonderful mechanical power, his rich and splendid tone, his fire, enthusiasm, and often entire abnegation of self in the music he is interpreting, there cannot be two opinions. These qualities were all triumphantly declared in Schumann's C major Fantasia, a piece after his own heart; and by these however at intervals he may in some degree offend a purely critical taste, he is pretty sure of raising a large mixed audience to a pitch of excitement. Such was the case at his first Recital for 1881, and such will doubtless be the case at his second, third, and fourth.

M. VIEUXTEMPS.—The death of M. Vieuxtemps deprives the artistic world of the foremost representative of the great Belgian school of violinists. Vieuxtemps was not merely an executant in his way unsurpassed, but a musician of large and varied acquirements, and a composer for the instrument, as his concertos show, of the highest eminence.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—From an attractive programme last Saturday the following may be selected for special remark: Blumenthal's "Far Away where Angels dwell," exquisitely sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd; Marzials' "Basket of Loves," a cheerful ditty (which is a rarity nowadays), and very prettily rendered by Miss Clara Samuelli; "M'appari tutt' amor," from Flotow's *Martha*, for his admirable delivery of which Mr. Maas was warmly applauded;

Spohr's "Rose softly blooming," the perfection of sweetness as sung by Miss Mary Davies; and a charming selection by the South London chorists. The next and last Ballad Concert of the season will take place on the 18th inst., at 3 P.M.



THE company of the COURT Theatre have transferred their talents to the stage of the NEW PRINCESS'S, which has passed into the hands of Mr. Wilson Barrett, and will henceforth be conducted under his management. On Saturday evening they made their first appearance here in a new version by Mr. Comyns Carr of M.M. Meilhac and Halévy's *Frou-Frou*, a comedy—or more properly a drama—which has been rendered familiar to English audiences in the shape of several adaptations. Mr. Carr's version is executed with good taste; more than one passage which would be apt to shock the ears of English audiences has disappeared; and the whole is rendered into dialogue which bears little trace of the process of translation. Probably the determining motive of this revival is that of furnishing Madame Modjeska with a strongly-pathetic part of the kind in which she has already won her greatest triumphs. Gilberte, the spoiled child and frivolous wife who in a fit of petulance abandons her home and suffers in consequence humiliation and misery, is, however, not a part quite suited to her genius. It is essential to the effect and the moral of the play that she should in the earlier scenes impress upon the spectator her thoughtless selfishness and giddy love of pleasure; but Madame Modjeska is less at home in delineating traits of this kind than in more tender and serious phases of character. Nevertheless, her performance is powerful and touching, particularly in the later scenes. Mr. Anson plays the part of Brigard, the father, somewhat against the grain. It is a part that requires the gay and easy tone of a man of pleasure, which is less in the way of this excellent actor than traits of humour and character of a more strongly-marked kind. On the other hand, Mr. Wilson Barrett's performance of the part of the injured husband was distinguished by a sincerity and an air of concentrated passion which rendered it very effective. Mr. Forbes Robertson does not impart much dignity to the character of Valréas; but it would not, it is true, be very easy to convert into a noble personage this disturber of the peace of the De Sartorys, who fosters the weaknesses of the wife and then takes advantage of the empire he has gained over her. It would be absurd to call *Frou-Frou* an immoral play. It would be more correct to say that it is, on the contrary, a moral play; but it must be confessed that its lessons, sound and wholesome as they are, are conveyed at times in a rather repulsive way.

The Saxe-Meiningen Company have appeared this week in Schiller's tragedy *Die Räuber*, which after one hundred years still holds the stage in Germany, and is regarded as worthy of the powers of its best actors. Interesting as an early production of the poet in the wild exuberance of his youthful genius this work must always be; but as an acting play it can only be regarded as a melodrama, in which tragic horrors are heaped upon tragic horrors, and deeds of violence follow upon each other, till the whole approaches, if it does not cross, the confines of burlesque. Acting distinguished by delicacy and moderation would be thrown away, or rather would be entirely out of place, in the interpretation of such a piece; and it must be confessed that the Meiningen Company exhibit a full appreciation of this truth. The perpetual gloom and high-sounding declamation of Herr Nesper as Carl Moor, the sustained tearfulness of Fraulein Werner as Amalie, and the unintermitting fiendishness of Herr Kober as Franz Moor, constitute a trial to English visitors which could hardly be endured, but for the picturesqueness of the various scenes and incidents, particularly those in which the robber band appears in the Franconian forests. The failure of that distinguished actor, Herr Barnay, to appear, as originally announced, in the part of Carl Moor, has not been explained.

MEPHISTO.—The fiend who, according to his biographer, Goethe, tempted Faust, and lured the fair Margaret to her ruin, has, we rejoice to say, devoted himself to a more innocent employment. He has taken apartments at 48A, Regent Street, where he is ready to play chess with anybody for sixpence a game. He plays strongly, too, yet the wonder is that he can play any game at all, considering that often, when he is meditating a move, his attendant pokes a cane through a hole in his back into the centre of his body, to prove to visitors that there is no dwarf or other human creature concealed inside, as was the case with Von Kempelen's so-called "automaton" chess-player. Mephisto well deserves a visit. He is an urbane and gentlemanlike fiend, and the manner in which he grasps and lifts the chessmen indicates remarkable mechanical ingenuity. Of course there is human agency somewhere, but how it's done we don't pretend to say.

At the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC the Whitsuntide programme is, as usual, very attractive and interesting. Mr. T. C. Hepworth's illustrated lecture, "The Photographer's Sunbeam," is a complete though brief history of the progress of the art from the invention of the camera obscura in the sixteenth century to the present time. Other interesting items include Commander Cheyne's lecture on Arctic exploration; the exhibition of the Fleuss diving apparatus and submarine lamp in operation; and the musical sketch "Lur-line," by Robert Reece and Edouard Frewin, illustrated with stage scenery and dissolving views, in which Miss Fanny Perfit impersonates the Rhine Maiden.

At the MARLYBONE Theatre the deservedly popular Mohawk Minstrels are attracting crowded audiences, by whom their programme of songs, dances, and comicallies, which are free from all coarseness and vulgarity, seem to be thoroughly appreciated.

ARE COFFEE TAVERNS A SUCCESS?—Disturbing rumours are already abroad respecting the great coffee public-house movement. It is said that although there may be some that are, there are others that are not, financially successful, and that after having, as it were, bearded John Barleycorn in his den, they will be compelled to beat an ignominious retreat from his immediate neighbourhood. It would be a pity, of course, should this prove to be the case, because a failure ensuing on so brave a flourish will possibly dishearten the temperance party, while it may tempt the publican to withdraw many valuable concessions the opposition has succeeded in extorting from him. The licensed victualler is not a man to be easily beaten. When the grocers took up the beer and spirit trade, the publican added packet tea to his other stock-in-trade, and when the coffee taverns began to grow alarmingly numerous, it became common to see in the same plate-glass window with advertisements of Old Tom and Vatted Rum an announcement that tea and coffee were to be had at the bar up till after breakfast time. Many in the "trade" went beyond that, and prominently made known that anti-alcoholic stimulants as well as those of a stronger nature were obtainable on the premises. Assuming that the above-mentioned rumour has foundation in fact, it is more than probable that this ingenious checkmating on the part of the licensed victualler has had not a little to do with it. Indeed, had the last-mentioned tradesman shown himself less greedy in making the very most of his monopoly, had he acted up to the terms of his title and offered the public

something to eat as well as to drink, and allowed them a wider selection of potables, it is unlikely that a single coffee tavern would have been started in opposition against him. There can be no doubt that he has mended his manners considerably in this respect, and it is to be hoped that, under any circumstances, he will have the good sense to continue, and even extend, his catering for those who require refreshment without intoxication. Could this be insured, were every coffee palace in London to close to-morrow the promoters might take credit to themselves for having achieved a great good.

ACCOMMODATION FOR EMIGRANTS.—The attention of the Whitechapel parochial authorities appears to have been at last aroused as to a scandal that has existed in their midst for several years past. It has long been the practice for emigration agents, when they have secured their ship's batch of passengers, outward bound from the Thames, to appoint a day or an hour when they must assemble at or near the Docks, so as to be ready to go aboard. It is always as well, of course, to get the emigrants together in good time, and it will not unfrequently happen that after their arrival a couple of days must elapse before the vessel starts. Lodgings have therefore to be found for them on shore, and cheapness being the chief consideration with the poor people, accommodation is provided them, according to their means, in some of the unhealthiest slums near the river side. A room destitute of furniture, and merely littered with straw, is the kind of bedroom provided them at the rate of 4d. per night, as many as twenty huddling together without taking off their clothes. It is said that hundreds of intending emigrants by the Atlantic steamers are commonly so served, there being certain touts always on the alert to bargain for the temporary housing of the strangers. The Whitechapel Sanitary Inspector discovered in an unexpected visit he paid in company with the police to some of these places, that in one house the floors were packed with males and females, and that the average space for each did not exceed 190 cubic feet. It is to be hoped that such an abominable state of things will no longer be allowed to exist, and that those unscrupulous persons who still persist in so outraging health and decency will be straightway prosecuted for a breach of the Lodging House Act.

A NEW OCCUPATION FOR SOLDIERS' WIVES.—Having among its patrons and promoters Lord Chelmsford, Sir Frederick Roberts, and Viscountess Strangford, an association has been formed that is sure to win the favour of the British public, inasmuch as its main object is to mitigate the horrors of war and the rendering the inevitable hardships of the battle-field more bearable, alike for officers and common soldiers. The idea is simple as it is excellent—the training of soldiers' wives as nurses for the sick and wounded. Hitherto the life of a soldier's wife who accompanies her husband's regiment on foreign service has not been a particularly enviable or an ennobling one, her ordinary occupation being at the washtub or some other kind of charwoman's drudgery. The possibility of turning such material to valuable account has already been proved. At a meeting the other day at Woolwich, a considerable number of soldiers' wives were present, and received their certificates of efficiency, together with a bronze medal bearing the words, "Certified Military Nurse." It is not surprising that so many candidates successfully passed the necessary examination. Accustomed to soldiers' society, and familiar with the ways and habits of the men themselves, a soldier's wife, assuming her to be a person of intelligence, would sooner learn her new profession, and accommodate herself to it, than a female of the civilian class; and it is probable that our heroic redcoats, when sick or wounded, would feel more at home, as it were, with a comrade's wife to nurse and tend them, than with lady attendants, however kind and skilled. The movement should do well, since it has powerful friends. The Commander-in-Chief heartily supports the scheme, and has addressed himself on the subject to all the commanding officers in the service. Lord Chelmsford hopes that the idea will "spread like wildfire," until a trained staff of nurses of the kind in question was attached to every regiment and battery; and Sir Frederick Roberts is warm in his approval of a plan by means of which many a good soldier's life would be saved, especially during the prevalence of epidemic disease in camp or at military stations. With such sponsors for its usefulness, the military nurse organisation should speedily become an established institution.



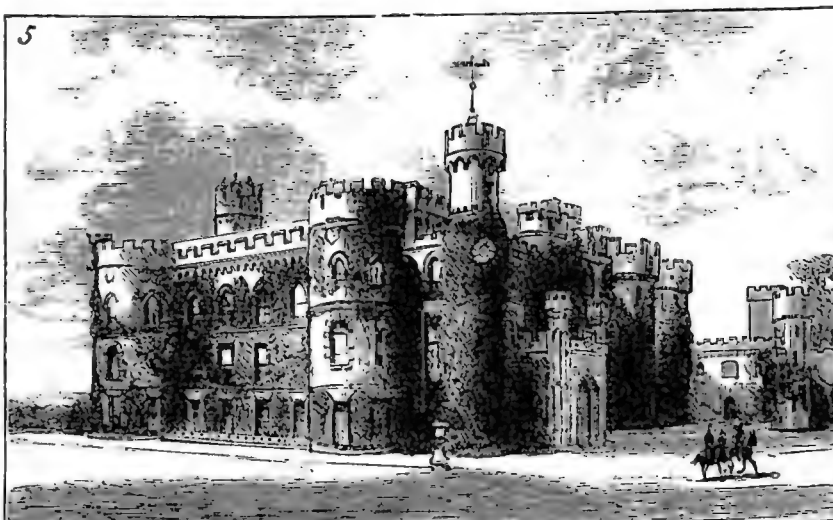
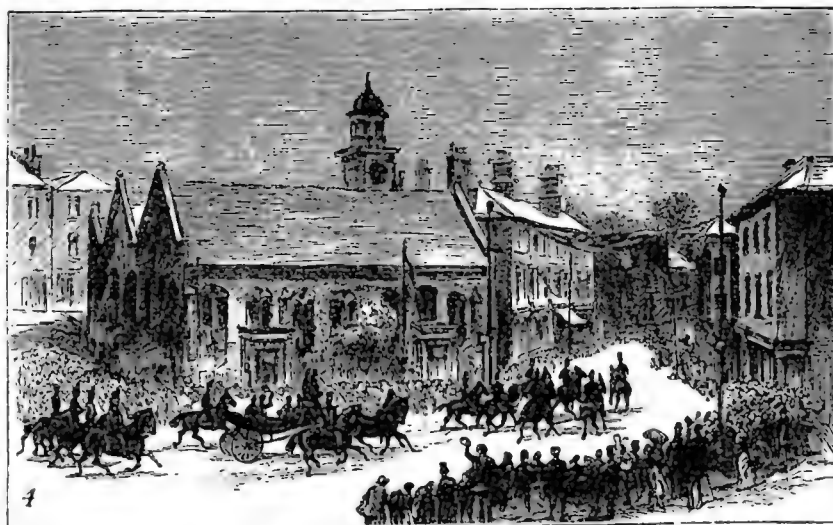
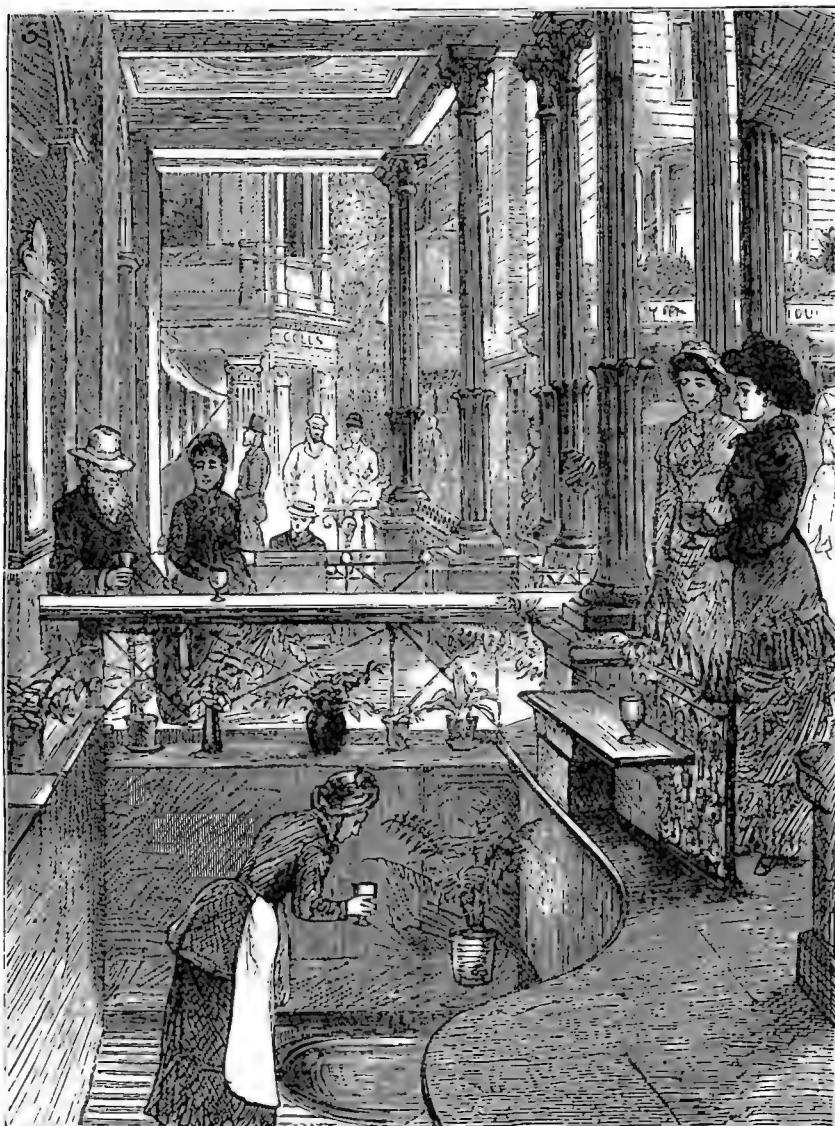
LORD JUSTICE SIR WILLIAM MILBOURNE JAMES, one of the Judges of the Court of Appeal, died on Tuesday after a short illness at the age of seventy-four. He was the son of Mr. Christopher James of Swansea, was educated at Glasgow University, called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1831, and in 1835 became Q.C., and was appointed Vice-Chancellor of the County Palatine of Lancaster, which office he held until 1869, when he was knighted and elevated to the Bench as Vice-Chancellor in succession to the late Sir G. Giffard. In 1870 he was made Lord Justice of Appeal, with a seat in the Privy Council. He unsuccessfully contested the borough of Derby in 1859.

A LIBEL ON A NUN.—In the Dublin Court of Exchequer 500l. damages were awarded to the plaintiff in the case of "Cassidy v. M'Manus," the defendant having written letters containing scandalous imputations against the moral character of his own sister, who has been a nun. Master Pigot, in giving judgment, said that he hoped the defendant was not a Roman Catholic to slander his sister, and even his mother, as he had done.

BEATING THE BOUNDS.—At the Brentford Petty Sessions on Saturday three men were fined 5l. each for assaulting a clergyman at Hanwell by "bumping" him on the day when the custom of beating the parish bounds was observed; and in another case, where the complainant was not only "bumped," but subsequently pushed into the river, because he refused to cry "Beer," the defendant was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour. The Chairman of the Bench thanked the reverend gentleman for the public service he had rendered in coming forward to prosecute, and observed that the custom of beating the bounds was absurdly antiquated and altogether useless now that Ordnance maps of 25-inch scale were procurable.

THE TOWN OF CHESTERFIELD has just had a narrow escape from partial destruction, a reckless tradesman having placed 192 lbs. of gunpowder in his doorway, where it might have been ignited by a spark from the pipe or cigar of any passing smoker. The dangerous deposit was very fortunately discovered by the Government Inspector of Explosives, who found on the same premises 267 lbs. more powder, besides 36 barrels of petroleum. The person who thus thoughtlessly and carelessly imperilled the lives and property of his neighbours was haled before the magistrates, who imposed a penalty of 10l.

THE HOLIDAY CHARGES at the Metropolitan Police Courts, notwithstanding the wet weather, which is usually supposed to lead to drunkenness, were not greatly above the average of an ordinary day, and in some instances were actually below it. Most of them came under the heads of "Drunk and incapable," "Disorderly conduct," and "Assaults." There were two cases of attempted suicide, several of furious riding and driving, and a few of pocket picking.



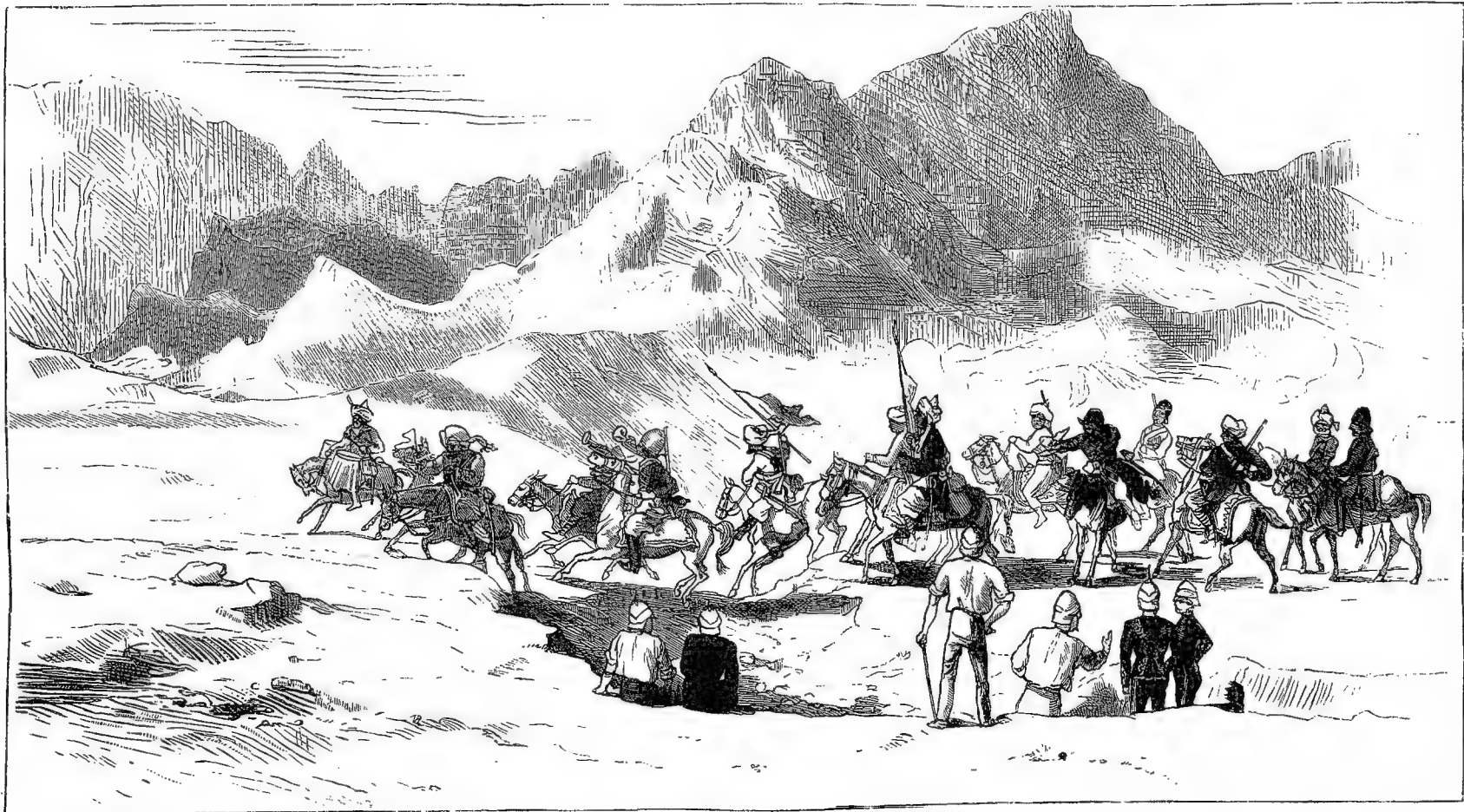
1. The Royal Parade (Pantiles).—2. The Pantiles in 1790.—3. The Wells.—4. The Prince of Wales passing the Chapel of Ease.—5. Eridge Castle.
THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS—VIEWS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD



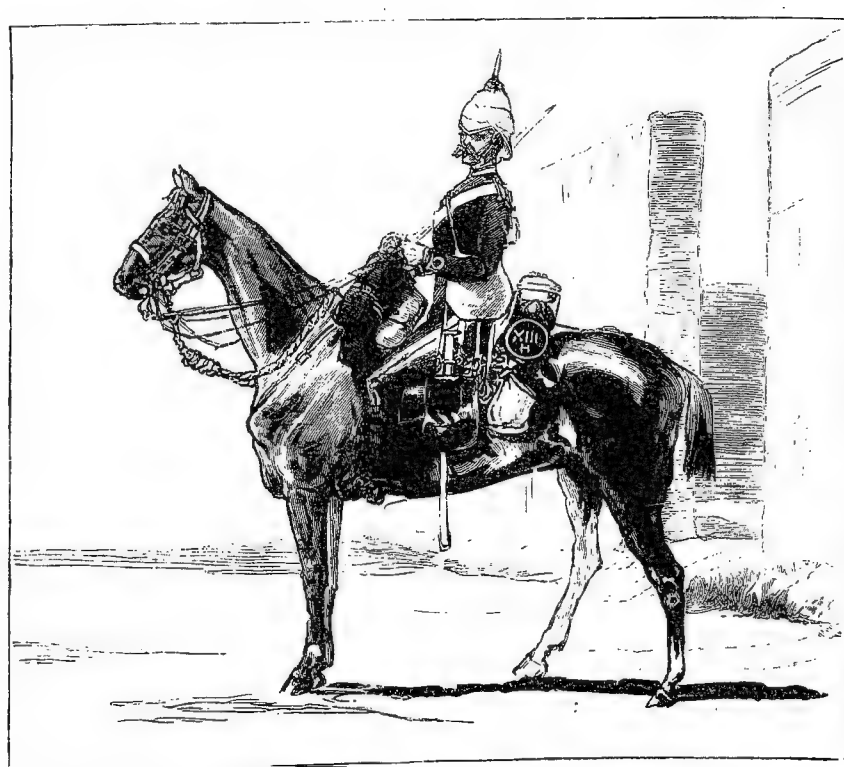
HENRY PEASE, ESQ.
Died May 30, Aged 74



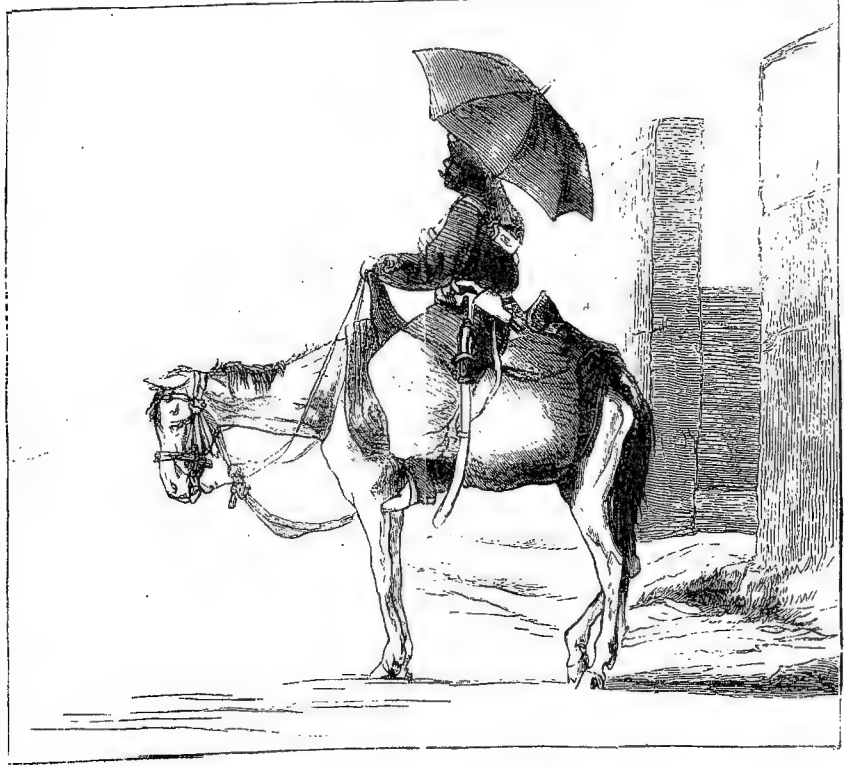
THE RIGHT HON. W. P. ADAM, GOVERNOR OF MADRAS
Died May 24, Aged 58



ADVANCE GUARD OF ABDURRAHMAN'S ARMY OF OCCUPATION



BEFORE THE EVACUATION—A BRITISH SENTRY



AFTER THE EVACUATION—A NATIVE SENTRY

LAST DAYS AT CANDAHAR

THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE of the girl Mary Seaward, of West Ham, who has not been seen or heard of for eight weeks, has at length attracted the attention of the Home Secretary, who has offered a reward of 25*l.* for her recovery.

A "GUILD OF ST. PAUL AND ST. GILES" has been founded by the Rev. J. W. Horsley, Chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison. The members associate themselves for intercessory prayer for prisoners and prison work, and engage to do their best to obtain homes and employment for discharged prisoners.



THE TURF.—As is always the case for some days after the Derby, the merits of the winner have been freely and fully discussed, and on this occasion there has been an unusually marked consensus of opinion that the best horse won. Iroquois was certainly the best horse on the day, and though Peregrine may again beat him, as he did in the Two Thousand for speed over a shorter course, it is evident that the American is possessed of greater stamina. We have now had three foreign-bred horses take our Derby within a few years, Gladiateur, Kisber, and Iroquois, and perhaps the day is not far distant when the winner may hail from Australia or the Cape. By all means, as sportsmen we should welcome a winner from any quarter, and we may be sure that he will have plenty of English blood in him; but surely the time has come for us to reconsider thoroughly our principles and practice in breeding and rearing blood stock, the time of foaling and dating the birthday, and the racing of two-year-olds, being matter for special attention with a view to reform. Other countries have a better climate than ours for young stock, and in other countries the two-year-old is not subjected to the same strain as in ours. The result is that instead of the innumerable breakdowns we have in training, and constitutional and acquired infirmities being handed down till the breed has greatly deteriorated in stamina, foreigners have strong, sound stock, endowed with staying powers as well as speed. It is said that through MacMahon's News Agency the result of the race reached Mr. Lorillard, in New York, before Archer had finished weighing-in. The jockey's honorarium was 1,000*l.*, but it has been said that the whole of the Stakes, 5,925*l.*, have been handed over to him. Mr. Lorillard, who is a large tobacco manufacturer, makes but little out of the race except honour and glory, and the satisfaction of showing that the Americans can breed and treat animals in such a way as to make them superior to our best. It is still possible that Barrett may show himself a better animal than Iroquois at certain distances; at least this is said to be Mr. Lorillard's opinion. It has also been stated "with authority" that had the American filly Paw-Paw been fit to have come to the post for the Oaks, that race also would have gone across the "herring-pond." Referring to the race for that event, it only need be said that Thebais, who was made favourite with odds on her, won as she liked from her eleven opponents. On the same day those old opponents Bend Or and Robert the Devil met in the Gold Cup, and practically it was a match, as no owner cared to pull out anything to oppose them. The interest in the encounter was intense, as intense perhaps as when Voltigeur and the Flying Dutchman met for their historic match, and it was well said, though jokingly, at Epsom by a well-known sportsman, that "the event was too sacred to bet on." But betting there was, and on the strength of his having beaten Bend Or three times towards the close of last season Robert was made favourite at 6 to 4 on him. In this race—one and a-half miles—the pace was forced by Robert in the hopes of cutting Bend Or down, but to no purpose, as the Derby winner of 1880 always had the foot of him, and, collaring him opposite the Lawn, won by a neck.—This week, coming as it does between Epsom and Ascot, has been generally considered a by-week, but the Manchester Meeting, with its "Cup" with 2,000 sovs. added, has made a difference. The opening day was a fair success, no less than twenty horses going to the post for the Salford Borough Cup, and making it a miniature "Royal Hunt Cup." The Duke of Montrose's Strathblane, who started at 12 to 1, proved the winner, beating Charibert, with Archer up, by two lengths, Helicon being third. At the time of writing the "Cup" has not been run for. Peter has a great chance, if he can only get the distance.

CRICKET.—Kent has not commenced its season successfully, having been beaten by the M.C.C. by 216 runs. For the County Mr. F. Penn put together 102 in his first innings. Mycroft and Rylott bowled so truly in the second innings that the County only scored fifty-three runs, Mr. F. Penn being absent.—The match between Notts and Lancashire could only end one way, and that in a defeat for the former, who had to play several young hands in consequence of the secession of most of its old ones. The threatened rupture between the secessionists and the County Club seems complete, but, much as it is to be regretted, we sincerely hope that the Committee of the Club will not give way to the unwarrantable attempt at dictation by the professionals. We are glad to see that R. Daft has not thrown in his lot with the malcontents.—Surrey has really no pretensions to play Yorkshire, and, therefore, few were prepared at the result of the match at Huddersfield, which ended in a victory for the Home County by an innings and 217 runs. Yorkshire made a big total in 388, to which Ulyett contributed 112 and Lockwood 109. Mr. A. P. Lucas batted grandly for Surrey, making 62 in his first innings, but the two totals of his side were only 110 and 61.—The Notts "colts," among whom, we will hope, there is some good stuff to be developed to supply eventually the places of the seceders, were quite overmatched by the Yorkshire "colts," who defeated them at Sheffield on Tuesday in one innings and 25 runs to spare.—Some "tall" scoring has been done at Bristol by Mr. W. Grace and two Gloucestershire batsmen, Messrs. Day and Cole, in a match between the St. George's and Bedminster Clubs. Mr. W. G., while in with the gentlemen named, helped to get as many as 300 runs in 2½ hours.

AQUATICS.—Considerable pressure is likely to be brought to bear on the Henley authorities with a view to inducing them to accept as valid the entry of the Cornell University Crew. The Committee of the Oxford Boat Club has forwarded something in the way of a petition to that effect.—It appears that with the exception of Hertford no College Club will be represented this year at Henley.

YACHTING.—The Royal London Yacht Club sailed its match for cutters of between ten and eleven tons on Tuesday last, the course being from Erith round the Nore and back to Gravesend, a distance of about forty miles. There were four starters, and the *Maggie* (F. Taylor), the smallest of the four, going in her best style, won easily without having to claim time allowance.—Referring back to the victories of the ten-tonner *Buttercup*, who seems hardly likely to have her colours lowered this season, it may be mentioned that the instructions for her build and canvassing were given in detail by that veteran yachtsman her owner, Mr. Robert Hewett, of Barking. This is another instance how amateurs keep ahead of professional designers and builders of racing craft.

EASY-GOING PHILANTHROPY.—It seems ungrateful to speak in any way slightly of the generosity and benevolence of sympathetic and wealthy people who contribute so largely to all our charitable societies and institutions, and yet, distasteful as the task

may be, it is nevertheless an imperative duty to point out that charity, however zealous, if it be not tempered with discretion and patient consideration, may in some cases defeat its own object, and become a source of annoyance and discomfort rather than of serviceable beneficence. An anonymous correspondent of a daily contemporary has recently pointed out how, at this season of the year, the managers of children's hospitals are overwhelmed with huge baskets of crushed and half-decayed flowers sent by well-intentioned people in the country, usually with the request, "Please return the hamper," to comply with which often costs the institution more, perhaps, than the entire consignment is worth. The appeal for books and toys for the amusement of the juvenile patients has also been responded to with greater liberality than judgment, the books being often either unsuitable for little children or else in such a mutilated condition as to be nearly useless, while the toys are in some instances costly and magnificent enough, but entirely unserviceable for bedridden children, and in others not merely soiled or slightly damaged articles, but the very refuse of the nursery, the shattered and dismembered remnants of what were once dolls, horses, dogs, lambs, &c. This easy-going philanthropy is, we fear, far too common among those whose means enable them to indulge in it. Wealthy ladies and gentlemen are often too deeply interested in the business of pleasure and enjoyment to give more than a passing thought to the needs of their less fortunate fellow-creatures. They hear of great distress in a particular district, and, shuddering at the idea that any human being should lack food, shelter, or clothing, they send so many pounds towards their relief, and there is an end of the matter so far as they are concerned. It is not that they are lacking in sympathy or that they are prompted by the less worthy motive of ostentation, but that the realities of the suffering they would alleviate have never been brought home to their minds with sufficient distinctness to awaken in them a sense of personal duty in relation thereto. They have a vague notion of doing good, and they act upon it, but it never seems to occur to them that time and attention are more valuable than mere money, and that if they resolved to devote only a small percentage of their leisure to personal inquiry and investigation, their powers of aiding those who need assistance would be increased a hundredfold.



MR. CLARE SEWELL READ, speaking at an agricultural meeting in Nottingham, distinctly traversed the statement of the *Saturday Review* that agricultural distress was confined to one-third of the kingdom. Speaking of American competition he said it seemed to be so fierce already, and so calculated to grow instead of diminish, that he feared English agriculture could not stand against it. He believed that if English farmers did not get some assistance beyond what they might expect from good harvests, arable agriculture in this country would be almost crushed out in the course of years.

BIRDS AND FRUIT.—As far as our observations go the smaller birds get accused of depredations which are really due to larger species. The sparrow consumes a great number of insects but seldom touches fruit; the tom-tit picks off the young flower-buds but otherwise is not mischievous; chaffinches, and all the finch tribe, do good. Blackbirds and thrushes, however, are great robbers, and if starlings eat a number of insects they also eat large quantities of fruit. The coppices and greenery which shelter small birds hide also the larger species, while the greater number and more open habits of the former lead to their attracting the greater notice, and being charged with the sin of their larger relatives.

BIRDS AND THUNDER.—We hear from Dumfries that during a heavy thunderstorm blackbirds and chaffinches kept on singing as though all Nature were at peace. The thunder was very loud, and the lightning killed a man in a field where at the very time swallows were fitting about in search of insects. The rainfall was slight.

A **GOOD HARVEST** would, in the opinion of the *Statist*, do a great deal towards restoring agricultural prosperity, and through such restoration the present recovery in trade might be increased and sustained. About any present recovery of trade we do not profess to speak, but the permanently restorative influences of a good harvest are very doubtful. The farmers' money being locked up in the land from the time of sowing his grain he is glad enough to get any return. Ultimately, however, the farmer can only be prosperous through his harvest receipts exceeding the total of his expenditure in getting the harvest. If corn does not pay the aggregate cost of production it cannot be grown even by unencumbered freeholders.

WHEAT.—America, Europe, and India in 1881 are all fairly likely to have full average harvests, while the English wheat crop on the present outlook should hardly prove deficient. Should these possibilities be realised, wheat this autumn is likely to become very cheap. The *New York Tribune*, after careful inquiry, considers itself in a position to assert that American wheat can be shipped to England and sold for 38*s.*, a moderate profit still remaining to the grower and shipper. If this estimate be correct English farmers will have a bad time of it.

WORCESTER.—A very remarkable shower occurred at Worcester last week. In the heavy rain there fell a number of periwinkles and small shells, and several small crabs were also picked up. These marine creatures must clearly have been caught up on the coast and carried inland by the storm clouds which finally burst over Worcester. The storm was accompanied by thunder and lightning, and there was a somewhat heavy fall of hail.

HAWTHORN AND HOLLY.—The present season will long be remembered for its extraordinary wealth of hawthorn blossom. Red May, the double hawthorns of gardens, and the white blossom of the ordinary quick hedge, all show a wonderful abundance of flower. Holly, too, has been full of bloom, and the trees are now setting berries in great quantities. Hips and haws this autumn, holly berries in the winter, are likely to be exceedingly plentiful. Considering how little moisture we have had, the general richness and abundance of blossom this year is remarkable.

AGRICULTURAL BURDENS.—Vague complaint seldom does much good; for the English are, above all things, a practical people. Facts, however, no one can afford to despise. Let us compare the ordinary burdens of the farmer with those of the fund-holder, professional man, or retired merchant. Let us take a farmer renting at 500*l.* a year. He is rated to the poor in a sum of 450*l.*; and his poor rates, including county rates, will come to about 25*l.* 6*d.* in the pound, or 56*l.* 5*s.* Highway rates, School Board rates, perhaps sanitary and drainage rates, will together make 1*s.* in the pound, or 22*l.* 10*s.* The tithe, about 3*s.* 6*d.* per acre, will come to 80*l.* The total will be 158*l.* 15*s.*, or about 35 per cent. on the amount of his rent. Now let us look to the fund-holder, retired merchant, or professional man. He has, let us say, 1,000*l.* a year. He will live in a house rated at about 60*l.* a year. His poor rates will come to 7*l.* 4*s.*; other rates, on the same scale as the former, to 3*l.* His tithe will be about 10*s.*, and his total contribution to local taxation will be 10*l.* 14*s.*, or about fifteen-thousandths of his income only.

THE MIDLANDS.—In Leicestershire there are now 30,000 acres of land unlet, and all the counties round are suffering from the same agricultural depression. Sheep-rot has not yet died out, but agri-

cultural prospects are improving. The growing crops look well, and Nature this season is not added to the farmer's enemies.

MISCELLANEOUS.—It is suggested in certain American papers that sunflowers should be cultivated as fuel.—On the Derby Day in the afternoon, a swarm of bees was observed to settle on the office of the *Army and Navy Gazette*. They naturally attracted a good deal of attention.—Attempts are being made to bring the peony into favour, but it is a shapeless, gaudy, and vulgar flower as a "double," while single peonies are a dead failure. Its rich colour, however, should make it useful for decoration in churches and other places where the spectator is at a good distance.—We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Sangster, the well-known grower of early peas.

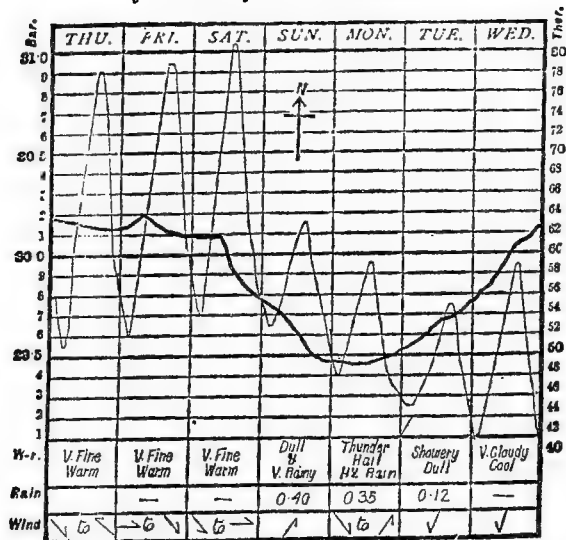
NEW MUSIC

LAMBORN COCK.—A clear and well-arranged "Catechism on the Rudiments of Music and Pianoforte Playing," by Ellice Jewell, can be confidently recommended to teachers of music and students, as it contains much useful information conveyed in a simple form.—A group of songs for the drawing-room, of average merit, are: "Slumber Song" and "Consolations," music by W. Maynard; the words of the former are by the composer; of the latter, they are by Alice Maynard. Both songs are of medium compass.—Two songs, music by H. Parry, are "Why does Azure Deck the Sky?" words by Thomas Moore; and "Angel Hosts, Sweet Love, Befriend Thee," words by Lord F. Harvey. Both will serve the purpose of "something for a change"—and nothing more.—"The Pear Tree in the Court" is a telling ballad, the poetry by Jetty Vogel; the music by Madame Sainton-Dolby. Both words and music are of more than average merit.—A cheerful pianoforte piece, which will be asked for again and again, is "Dorothy," a rustic dance, by C. E. Tinney.—"The Humming Bird," a polka for the voice, by W. Maynard, is merry and tuneful enough for a penny reading or people's concert.

MESSRS. S. LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—A glee, of sufficient merit to win a prize is "Jack Horner," composed by T. Distin, for S.A.T.B. This glee is also arranged for the Tonic Sol. Fa. System, and for four male voices.—Two nicely written four-part songs are: "Song of the Minnesingers," and "The Red Sun is Sinking." Both are for male voices, the music is by H. Leslie, who has also composed a remarkably pretty quartet, "A Rose of the Garden," poetry by M. A. Baines.—"Waft Me on a Wandering Dream," is a refined and pleasing song for the concert-room with a violin and pianoforte accompaniment; the words are by Sir Coutts Lindsay, music by his wife.—Lady Benedict has composed the pretty words for a "Lullaby," by C. C. Bethune; the above composer has also set to music the quaint old English words "Forgive and Forget."—A sentimental song for a soprano is "Soupir," poetry by Sully Prudhomme, music by Eugène Peruzzi.—"How Faithful Are Thy Branches," words by Longfellow, music by R. O. Leary Vinning, and "The Armada," written and composed by Angiolo Selous and J. F. Read, are fairly good songs for baritone or contraltos.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A cheery little part-song for mixed voices (it is the fashion to speak of voices as though they were pickles) is "Awake, Awake! The Spring is Come," written and composed by T. P. Murphy (Boston, U.S.).—Soothing but dreary is "Rest," a ballad, words and music by H. Crosart; the name of the publisher is not given.—In spite of its cheerful title, "Joyous Springtime" is a very sad tale of the sea by Messrs. E. Oxenford and J. T. Pye (Messrs. Ewald and Co.).—A new version of an old air has been adapted to quaint and appropriate words, "The Piper of Dundee," by J. B. Macdonald; this lively song, with a chorus, would make a great hit at a penny reading (Messrs. Methven, Simpson, and Co.).—"Kitty of the Vale" is a pretty Irish ballad of an ordinary type by Messrs. J. S. Murphy and P. Von Tuggerin (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"Two Musical Sketches for the Pianoforte" by W. R. MacLean are easy to learn, to play, and to forget (B. Williams).—"The Endymion Waltzes," by J. Mac Lachlan Key, are the best of the numerous compositions, named after the late Premier's last novel, which we have received; they will doubtless become very popular this season (Messrs. A. Hammond and Co.).—"The Complete Instruction Book for the Pianoforte," by F. W. Seume, adds one more to the numerous excellent works of its kind already existing (Jefferys).—Just in the right time for garden parties or outdoor fêtes of any description comes a very graceful ballad. For a tenor of medium compass, with a due amount of sentiment, "Andalusienne" will prove a great success; the words are freely adapted from the Italian by R. E. Francillon, the music is by Frank Marshall. This song will be one of the favourites of the season; the simple accompaniment may be played on a guitar or concertina (Joseph Williams).

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK JUNE 2 TO JUNE 8 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the first half of the period under discussion, and that of the second half, has been as diverse as can well be imagined. During the early part of the week a large area of high pressure covered the whole kingdom, the winds were extremely light, and the weather exceedingly fine and warm. Temperature at this time reached a shade maximum of 78 deg. on Thursday (2nd inst.), 79 deg. on Friday (3rd inst.), and 81 deg. on Saturday (4th inst.). During the latter part of Saturday a striking change began to take place. Some depressions appeared on our northern coasts, and began to travel in a southerly or south-south-easterly direction, bringing with them much cooler weather, a considerable quantity of rain, and generally unsettled conditions. On Monday (6th inst.) a slight thunderstorm, with very heavy hail and rain, occurred, and on Tuesday (7th inst.) there were further showers, while slight rain fell on Wednesday (8th inst.) also, but at the close of the period the weather was inclined to improve somewhat. The difference in temperature between the earlier and later part of the week has been very remarkable. On Tuesday (7th inst.) the maximum recorded was only 55 deg., or 26 deg. lower than on Saturday (4th inst.); the barometer was highest (30.4 inches) on Thursday and Friday (2nd and 3rd inst.); was lowest (28.8 inches) on Monday (6th inst.); range, 0.7 inches. Temperature was highest (81 deg.) on Saturday (4th inst.); lowest (42 deg.) on Wednesday (8th inst.); range, 39 deg. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.87 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.40 inches on Sunday (5th inst.).

JUNE 11, 1881

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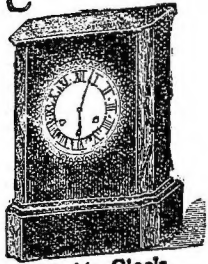
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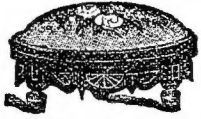
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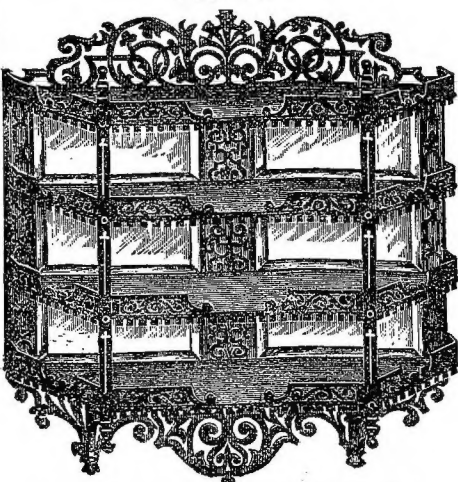
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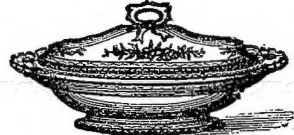
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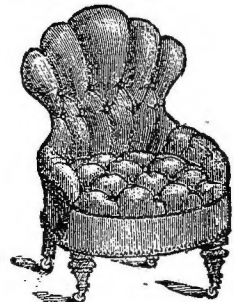


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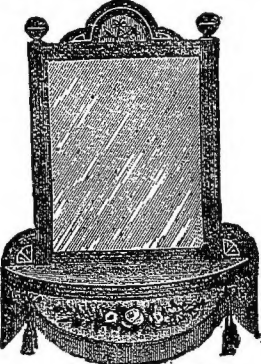
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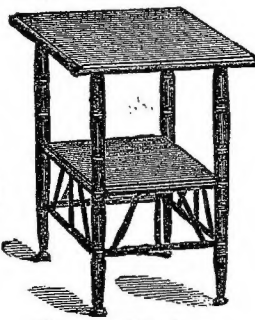
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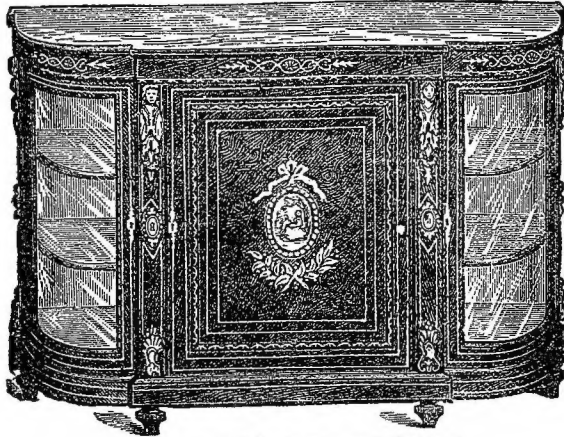
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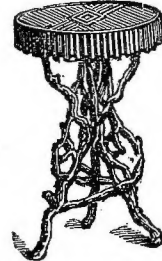
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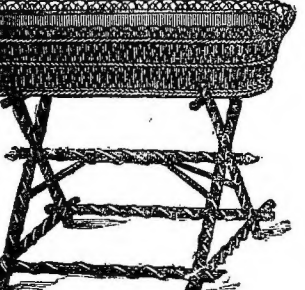
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